

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'Radha and Krishna in the rain': Kangra School, c. 1850. From the Rothenstein Collection of Indian Paintings now on exhibition at the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

In this number:

Henry Green, Rt. Hon. Lord Samuel, John Summerson



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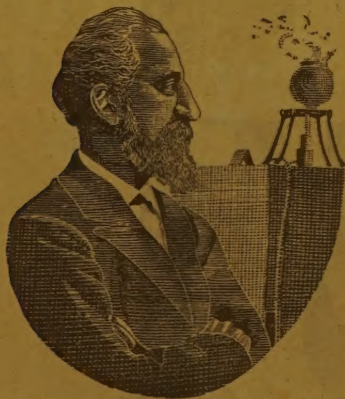
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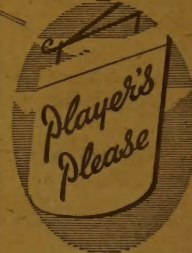
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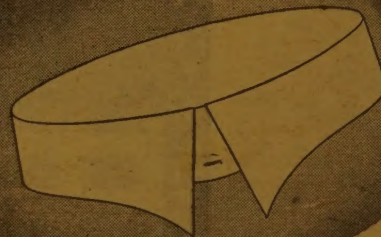


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# The Listener

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## America's Growing Strength

By STEWART ALSOP

**M**AYBE it's the spring! Washington is famous for its horrible weather. It is said that British soldiers assigned here are paid sixpence a day extra for living in a climate unfit for human beings. But the Washington spring is now beginning, and the Washington spring makes up for a lot—clear and cool, with the buds opening, and that wonderful sense of life starting up again.

I am quite certain the weather affects politics—at least American politics. In August, when the temperature soars soggily over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, bitter, violent battles, especially between Congress and the President, always break out. This last winter has been cold and dreary, and in midwinter the mood of Washington hit rock bottom, a kind of angry hopelessness. Whether because spring is starting, or for other reasons, a new mood of confidence and tempered optimism has suddenly settled over this city. It is almost tangible, and it is also somewhat mysterious.

After all, there is precious little to be cheerful about. The home front is locked in a bitter battle, with labour in open revolt against the management of the defence effort. American troops are still killing, and getting killed, in the Korean cold. The attitude of Andrei Gromyko in Paris hardly suggests that the Kremlin is ready to call the cold war quits. Lurking in the background is the knowledge that in about two or three years a system fiercely hostile to the United States will have the capacity virtually to destroy this country with atomic bombs.

Yet there it is—a growing feeling that somehow we shall be able to muddle through the permanent crisis which has descended on the world, and without a general war. There are some rational

objective reasons for this sudden upsurge of confidence. For one thing, we have not been thrown out of Korea; and it is beginning to seem at least conceivable that some sort of reasonable settlement of the Korean war may eventually be reached. For another thing, the new aggressions which were feared this winter—an attack on Indo-China by the so-called 'Liberation Army' in South China, for example, or a satellite attack on Yugoslavia—have not yet occurred. The emphasis should certainly be on the word 'yet', but the belief is growing here that the Kremlin is convinced that any such aggression would involve the heavy risk of war, and that the Kremlin is not ready to incur so great a risk.

Beneath these surface reasons is something deeper, a sense of real and growing strength. One great asset of the west in the world struggle is the productive capacity of this country, and, make no mistake about it, the wheels are beginning to turn. By this time next year the wheels will be turning in dead earnest. The real balance of world power, which has heretofore been heavily weighted in favour of the Soviet Empire, will then slowly begin to right itself. The wheels are beginning to turn, to be sure, with the usual rending and crashing and groaning. The loudest crashing of gears comes from the revolt of organised labour against the management of the defence programme by the Truman Administration. This revolt is the most important, and in some ways the most dangerous, domestic development in the United States for a long time, and it is worth trying to understand what it is all about.

Organised labour rebelled and withdrew its representative from all the mobilisation agencies, ostensibly for two reasons. One was the proposed agreement to limit wage rises to ten per cent.; the



other was the action of chief mobiliser Charles E. Wilson, in taking man-power authority out of the Labour Department and taking control himself. Actually, these were not the real reasons for the labour revolt. The ten per cent. wage rise limit was more than the rise in the cost of living since the Korean war started; and it was universally agreed that it could be adjusted later if necessary. As for man-power authority, labour has nothing against Mr. Fleming, the man Wilson appointed as man-power chief, whom labour recognises as a fair-minded man.

### Labour Suspicions of Big Business

The real trouble goes deeper. Labour darkly suspects, and with some pretty good reasons, that it is being handed the short end of the mobilisation stick. Business, particularly Big Business, is making huge, in some cases monstrous, profits. Labour also points to farm income, which is soaring to new heights, protected by the parity provisions of the Mobilisation Law. The labour men know that the great load of rearmament is not going to be carried without some sacrifice somewhere. The Union leaders say that they are willing to take their share of sacrifice: but they are not going to see wages controlled while prices are not effectively controlled, and while business and the farmers do better than ever.

The fact is that labour seems to me to have a pretty good case: but the real danger in this struggle to slice the pie between organised labour, business and the farmers is pretty obvious. In the end, labour will certainly get its share of the pie. Union labour is sufficiently strong, politically and economically, and sufficiently well organised, to make sure that labour is not victimised. But business and the farm bloc are also politically and economically strong and well organised. Business in this country is not in the controlling position which the Marxists like to believe. But it is powerful enough to protect its interests in a struggle with other major economic groups. As for the farmers, they are perhaps the strongest of all. They hold a political balance of power position, with both the Republicans and the Democrats bidding for farm support; and with an immensely powerful farm bloc in Congress.

Thus all three of these major economic groups are perfectly capable of protecting their economic interests. The trouble is that most people are neither farmers, nor members of unions, nor capitalists. It is pretty obvious that no nation can devote a third of its national income to defence without taking at least a temporary reduction in the standard of living. And the danger is now clear that the bill will be paid for by the worst form of indirect taxation, that is, by debasing the value of the dollar.

The organised economic groups can protect themselves against the effects of inflation; but the great unorganised, the mass of the people, cannot. We have been hearing about inflation in this country ever since 1932, when the Republicans were predicting that grass would grow in the streets if Franklin Roosevelt were elected. We have been experiencing inflation ever since the last war. The dollar now will buy not much more than half what the dollar bought in 1939: but inflation so far has not been too painful a process, simply because, although the dollar will buy less, almost everyone has a great many more dollars. But now, for the first time, inflation is becoming a really frightening spectre in this country.

If the value of the dollar continues to fall at the present rate, there are dead sure to be the most serious political consequences. This is essentially a middle-class country. If the great unorganised middle-class finds its standard of living falling steadily, with the falling value of the dollar, there may be a growing tendency to turn to political extremes, arising from a mood of angry frustration and resentment. Inflation is, indeed, the basic asset of men like Senator Joe McCarthy. If the dollar continues to slide, McCarthy might become not the unfortunate pimple on the body politic he now is, but a man to be reckoned with seriously. Fortunately for all concerned, however, the best economist and mobilisation officials are pretty well convinced that by about midsummer the situation will be in hand. Prices will be stabilised, albeit at an uncomfortably high level, and the country will get on with the job of turning out the goods. Wilson himself, and his aides, are even convinced that if we can get over the hump of the next few months this country can perform the miracle of having its cake and eating it too—of having plenty of both guns and butter!

The idea is that the fabulous American industrial machine will be shoved into high gear: in about a year and a half it will be producing so much that the economy will be able to sustain a great load for defence in the military aid programme, and still produce all the refrigerators and cars and television sets that consumers demand. This

sounds a little too good to be true, but Wilson, and the other men who are preaching this doctrine, are by no means visionaries; and, whatever happens, one thing is certain: by this time next year, this country will be producing for the defence of the west at a rate which will be, to put it mildly, really formidable. If the men who are making American policy now are right, it should then be possible to ensure not peace, as we idealise the word, but a long uneasy truce, based on a true balance of world power. This is not an ideal prospect, but it is at least better than a war whose end no man could foresee.

This consciousness of growing strength is the real basis for the sudden blossoming of confidence in Washington. With this return of confidence Washington is returning to its favourite parlour game—speculating on the presidential nomination, now not much more than a year away. And the extent to which General Dwight D. Eisenhower's name plays a part in these speculations is a most remarkable political phenomenon. Eisenhower is not a politician: he has never spelt out his views on domestic policy. He is now doing a wholly non-political job which bars him from taking any part in politics. Yet the fact is that all concerned are agreed that there is only one man who can now defeat the conservative, essentially isolationist, Senator Robert A. Taft for the Republican nomination. This man is, of course, General Eisenhower.

Both major parties in this country are loose coalitions, which suffer from a sort of permanent schizophrenia. Both are split, geographically and ideologically. The Democrats are split between north and south, and on domestic issues between liberals and conservatives. The Republicans are split between the coastal states and the centre. And on foreign policy issues between internationalists and isolationists. Just now, especially since Senator Taft's smashing victory in Ohio, the conservative isolationist middle-western wing of the Republican Party is dominant in Congress. Senator Taft, in turn, completely dominates this wing of the party.

### The Republicans' Difficulties

The inner Republican division is more accentuated than ever, simply because foreign policy issues are now to the fore, and it is on these issues that the party is divided. What is therefore in prospect is a struggle for the soul of the Republican Party which will decide its fate for years to come. The less Conservative internationalist wing of the Republican Party has been very powerful in the past, and it is still very powerful. Yet this wing of the party simply has no candidate to match Taft, except Eisenhower. And no one knows whether Eisenhower will be a candidate. He refused to run after all in 1948.

The same confusion exists on the other side of the fence. Lately there have been a whole series of hints that President Truman has made up his mind to hand on the poisoned presidential chalice. It is certainly true that Truman is very tired, and that he no longer enjoys his killing job. Moreover, labour's current revolt certainly affects Truman's political position. The trouble is that the Democratic Party's shelf of potential candidates to succeed Truman is very bare. The remarkable political magic of Eisenhower's name is demonstrated by the fact that a lot of Democratic politicians are beginning to talk wistfully about nominating Eisenhower for the Democratic ticket. My own guess, and it is a wild guess, is that Eisenhower will not take the Democratic nomination, but might very well take the Republican nomination, if only because everything Taft stands for is diametrically opposed to everything Eisenhower believes in. Another, and even wilder, guess is that, whatever happens, Taft will not be the next President of the United States. This guess derives from an instinctive conviction that this country simply cannot turn its back on history, however much it might want to do so.—*Home Service*

In a valuable pamphlet, *Small Towns*, just published by the National Council of Social Service at 3s. 6d., L. E. White discusses in a wide perspective the social and community problems of English towns with populations of between 4,000 and 40,000. The essay is based on a piece of social research into thirty towns carried out during the last war by the late Dr. Henry Mess but not completed by him, as well as upon other more up-to-date material. It is pointed out that the advantage of towns of this size is that access to outdoor recreation is cheap and easy and people can live in houses with gardens. 'In such communities', the author says, 'the individual is not lost, or submerged, he is of real significance' and many can take a part in running local affairs. On the other hand, such towns may not be economically self-contained, while provision for indoor entertainment is generally inadequate. A crying need in most of these towns is a suitably designed community centre.



# On the Borders of Tibet

By JAMES CAMERON, who has just returned from a visit to Kalimpong

**I** SUPPOSE that it is only in a curiously preposterous world like this that one could be called up over the week-end and told to take a quick trip to the frontiers of Tibet. Perhaps only in a slightly demented age like this would one say: 'All right, I suppose so'; and go ahead and do it. I mention this quickly to make it clear that this is not a long, considered research into a remote and hidden country, but something I saw just the other day—something I might well have to go back and see this week-end. To leave England and stand, sixty hours later, under the staggering sweep of the second highest mountain on the face of the earth. To spend Monday morning in a London office and Thursday among the world's newest and oddest refugees—that most obscure and eccentric of races, the people of Tibet. On the move, poor souls, at last.

It still seems strange that only the other day I was out on those soaring hillsides, up past Algarah, through Pedong, places nobody has ever heard of on that wonderful Sikkim border, where the Tibetan caravans crawl down from the mountains, over the Pass into India. I really would like to introduce you for a few minutes to one of the most extraordinary spots in the world today—if indeed it *is* in the world today, which I am already beginning to wonder. It really is pretty queer from every point of view: politically, socially, geographically, not to speak of morally and ethnologically. An area that the travelogue people would certainly call 'little known', yet which is the latest stop-line in our much-divided world: the back door of Tibet. The final slice of India that pokes up between Nepal and Bhutan, into Sikkim, and sticks its rocky nose under the biggest stone curtain in nature, the enormous barrier of the Himalayas.

The township of Kalimpong, hanging on to a hillside partly in North Bengal and partly in the Alice in Wonderland country, is the nearest any of us is likely to get to Tibet for a long time—maybe for ever, the way things are shaping now. It is the road-head for the caravans from the north, the road-end for everything moving from the south. From there starts the road to Lhasa itself—if you can call a thing a road that climbs up to 15,000 feet and leads to a monstrous wilderness where the bottom of the deepest valley is higher than the summit of the highest Alps. That road is the Pass, Tibet's major bolt-hole of today, and along that road is coming pretty well everything both valuable and moveable that the Tibetans can shift, now that history has caught up with them at last, and jerked them into the twentieth century with a terrible thud. And although it is still almost impossible to get legally into Tibet, you can hang around Kalimpong and watch the Tibetans coming out to you. It is really well worth doing.

Kalimpong—which used to be one of those pleasant retiring nooks for tea-planters and civil servants—has now got all the peculiar airs of all frontier towns at times of international jitters: a lot of sharp

looks and sudden movements, thousands of rumours and scarcely a single tale you can trust. For some reason this little place has become the rendezvous, the caravanserai, of the most extravagant assortment of human oddities, I should say, in Asia. The rich escapists and smart dealers have come snaking down the Pass; all sorts of miscellaneous people with curious axes to grind have come filtering up from the

south, and they have all somehow got bottlenecked in Kalimpong, and turned it into the sort of place that might have been scripted by Mr. Thurber. It is a rather bizarre neighbourhood in any case, with its spinneys of fluttering prayer-flags against the vast profile of those terrifying hills—breathtakingly lovely, indeed, if you like your scenic melodrama laid on thick—the market crowded with Nepalis and Indians and Bhutanis and Lepcha tribesmen, the waft of incense and the decaying bust of Queen Victoria beside a notice that says 'Galloping Strictly Forbidden'. Now it has suddenly filled up with all sorts of surrealist people—wizards and sorcerers, politicians and pilgrims, Tibetan aristocrats, angry exiles from China, professional anthropologists and linguists and miracle-workers and remote sprigs from forgotten European



Tibetan traders on the India-Tibet road

'Picture Post'

nobility—all milling around and trying hard either to get into Tibet, or to get out. The place is peopled with holy individuals and yogis and European Buddhists trying to convert the Christians and Christians counter-attacking on the Buddhists. There is, by chance, Prince Peter of Greece, whom I have seen turning up in the most unbelievably improbable places—he has been trying for a year to take a Danish research expedition into Tibet; he came up in the most gigantic air-conditioned motor caravan you ever heard of, over those wild roads, and now the road has collapsed behind him—literally fallen into the valley—and he is there for the rest of his life, as far as I could see. There are incredibly sacred characters who come around to rid you of evil spirits by tooting on human thigh-bones. There are the last remnants of the lonely Tibetan Mission to the United Nations, bewildered and forlorn, dismally spinning their prayer-wheels without the faintest idea of what is going to happen next.

You can imagine that all this has turned Kalimpong into a pretty congested spot. I don't think you would find a spare house too easily, even though most of the sahibs who used to live there have cleared off. There are some extraordinarily beautiful houses, too, but they are packed out. The Tibetan traders move in and out of big tented camps all around, working like fury half the time, or gambling with dice and drinking gallons of that terrible tea they make. That story about their making tea with salt and rancid butter is absolutely true; it is quite awful.

Incidentally it is an extremely fortunate thing that this part of North Bengal is one of the few parts of India not worried to death



by possible famine. It is fertile and prosperous, and luckily there is plenty to eat. And, of course, this is a superb time for business, as far as the Tibetan traders are concerned. There has always been a good market for their wool, which is strong and coarse and just the thing to be made into United States Army blankets, which is exactly what is happening to it nowadays. American wool-buyers are there now snapping up all they can get. The caravans pile the stuff into big open barns and go back for more. Nobody knows anything about figures around there, but I was told that Tibetan exports this year are going to hit a record of 10,000,000 pounds weight. And with the wool come the hides, the borax, the furs, the musk—and the yaks' tails, those extraordinary yaks' tails you hear about, that go to America to be made—I swear this is true—into false beards for Santa Claus.

In a way that sets the key for this whole extravagant show, which is straightforward fantasy, on strictly business lines. If I could synthesise this atmosphere into one incident, I think I would choose the party I was at only the other night, six thousand miles away in that strange land. There were, as I remember it, several Sikkimis present, an Austrian baron, an American wool-buyer, and an English pilgrim, but the core of the company was a group of Tibetan young women, not long out of Lhasa, very exotic and other-worldly in their high boots and heavy gaudy costumes. What exactly happened I can't just define, except that at a given stage in the evening somebody put on a gramophone, and it played South American tunes. I said I couldn't dance them. So I was taken in hand by a lovely lass from the Forbidden City and given a lesson in the Samba. And this Mad Hatter's party finished up with this strange lady, this last representative of feudal medievalism in the world today, getting up and giving out with 'Buttons and Bows', in the original English. She was an extraordinary exception. And I learned about the Lost Horizon from her.

That may be that, but there is more to it than such things. There is a very deep preoccupation behind it all, and a very untidy, mysterious political situation only a few miles away. For there, over the Pass, in a dim unheard-of Tibetan village called Yatung, is the refugee Court of Tibet, that strange unidentifiable coterie of political mystics and ruling prophets and, in the middle of it, the ineffable and unique immortal who is the be-all and end-all of this complicated theocracy, hidden behind an impenetrable curtain of holiness, the Dalai Lama himself. When will he move, this fourteenth living incarnation of divinity, all-knowing and all-powerful? How closely is he threatened, and how far will he go?

It is four months and more since the Chinese began the invasion of Tibet. By all the stories that are even faintly likely—that is, about one in ninety—the Chinese are still more than a hundred miles from the capital, Lhasa. There they wait, growling at the scandalised lamas, who know only too well that Tibet has no more chance of independent self-defence than Bournemouth. There are not many real authorities on Tibet anywhere, but I should say there are probably more in

Kalimpong than anywhere else. I spoke to many of them, including David MacDonald himself, that wonderful old man who first went to Lhasa with the Younghusband expedition in 1904 and spent about thirty years of his life there. They all agree that from the point of view of social advancement Tibet is about where Britain was six hundred years ago. That never worried the Tibetans. Their foreign policy has always been the apotheosis of the negative—that is, not to have any foreign policy at all, to stay strictly out of all the antics of the outside world; maybe not such a silly idea, at that. I had many arguments with experts, but it is too hard to rationalise a system where the priestly and political power are so inextricably integrated, where—as everybody was always pointing out—something like a third of the male population are monks, a system that has perpetuated itself by the most rigid exclusion of outside influences. It's goodbye to all that now. Many of the smarter citizens are outside in India, already, with their portable capital; many more are on their marks inside, waiting to see what happens next.

We were all waiting for that. I waited for a while in a tent on the Sikkim border—that is the place where life really begins to get awkward, with an anxious business of passes and inspections from the Government of India, which is already very uneasy and embarrassed by all the dubious goings-on at her frontier. It is, right now, one of the most fascinating roads I know. All day long you hear the quiet donging of the mule-bells in the rare, high air, as the long caravans come snaking down the trail.

The Tibetans, the muleteers, are astonishing people—extravagant, swashbuckling fellows in great fur hats and cloaks and cutlasses and braided hair and clanking with sacred amulets. They look just a bit too good to be true; made-up picturesques like pantomime brigands. When they want to greet you civilly, they stick out their tongues. They are polyandrous—that is, the women marry half-a-dozen men at once. They never, in any circumstances, wash. They are the most elegantly unclean people I know; I like them a lot. They didn't appear to like me much, but it was hard to say. My Tibetan interpreter, hired at great expense, turned out to have a very limited value, since although his Tibetan was apparently flawless, it developed that he could not speak a word of English. The only really emotional encounter I had was when I had my trousers torn off by a violently unfriendly Tibetan mastiff, which is a very impulsive and hostile creature indeed, as I now know.

So the great trek out of Tibet goes on, over the roof of the world into India, down from the Secret Lands to the edges of civilisation. It took an Asian revolution to break down the silence of centuries, and now it is down it can never possibly return. Shangri-la, I should say, is gone for ever. That may be good, in the long run, or bad—posterity is a jury that stays out a long time. But it was something to have seen even this much of accelerated history—to have had, momentarily, one glimpse of the old world, before the new overtakes it.—*Home Service*

## Uses and Abuses of a Cost-of-Living Index

By DUDLEY SEERS

THE point of a cost-of-living index is to provide some yardstick by which people can see what is happening to the real buying power of their income. We want to answer the question 'How much have prices risen?' as a prelude to the question 'How much should my income be increased?' The important thing is not only what prices do. What people think decides how strongly they demand higher incomes. In times when prices are rising governments become very concerned about how strong these demands are. So concerned in fact that they tend to 'cook' the index. This does not mean that they cheat. Nobody cheats when the same result can be achieved quite honestly. They merely make use of the fact that an index only tells you what is happening to the cost of a selection of goods. It would obviously be impossible for an index to cover every sort of article and every shade of quality. But since only a selection is covered, the Government can keep the index down, though not, of course, the real cost of living, by subsidising the goods that are covered by the index, and making up for this by taxing the goods that are not.

Following S. Potter, one might call this sort of thing Figureman-

ship. Now Figuremanship, like Gamesmanship or Lifemanship, works very well—for a time. But people will not put up with it indefinitely. The Gamesman eventually finds difficulty in getting an opponent; the Lifeman ceases to be asked to the important week-ends; and the Figureman is left twiddling his slide-rule far from the centres of economic power. The first principle for a cost-of-living index is that it should be honest, and not only honest, but obviously honest. In practice this means, in my view, that the index should in future be run by an independent *ad hoc* body with representatives of the employers, the trade unions, the Government and the public. It also means that the prices used by this body should be available to anybody on request, and that the index should take into account the prices of a long list of goods.

It goes without saying that the list of goods covered by any future index should be up to date. The absurdity of the cost-of-living index used up to 1947 was that it showed, for example, what was happening to the cost of products which included candles, but excluded electricity. And it covered such a narrow range of foods that the Government could, by careful use of subsidies, keep the cost-of-living index down



without really keeping down living costs. One snag about the present—the so-called interim index of retail prices is that it tells us what is happening to the prices of the goods that wage-earners used to buy before the war. Some of the things bought by wage-earners before the war cannot be bought in the same quantities now, and the index therefore reacts too sharply to changes in these prices. So it may not give us a fair picture of what is happening to the cost of what people are buying today.

There is one special danger here. The Government, in its anxiety over the movement of the index, becomes too much concerned to keep down the prices of these over-represented goods. People cannot, for example, buy as much meat as they could before the war, and the index is therefore excessively influenced by changes in meat prices. The Government has become so anxious over the prices of some things, like meat, that economic policy becomes slightly distorted. The public have become suspicious of official index numbers.

### Wages and Salaries

If wages and salaries are not linked in some way to an index, they are likely to rise: not evenly but in erratic jumps, which will take place whenever someone's discontent grows dangerously strong. There is no guarantee at all that wages in the most deserving or the most important industries will jump highest and most frequently. On the contrary, it will probably be the unions with the record of (what shall we call it?) 'pig-headed obstinacy' or 'glorious militancy' that will do best. The wages of sin are generally high wages—in economic life, anyway. There will be rather less economic chaos, and rather less of the heartache of falling behind the Joneses, if rates of pay rise automatically as prices rise.

This protection need not be confined to wage-earners. There is no especial reason why the living standards of pensioners should fall as prices rise, or at least fall by as much as the coming price rise, no particular reason at all, except that pensioners are mostly unable to prevent it. Some of us may think it a little unfair to achieve the conversion to a war economy entirely at the expense of the widows, the maimed and the decrepit, which is what we seem to be doing at present. To put the same point in a manner more accepted on the Third Programme, whipping the defenceless is not wholly in accord with the best traditions of modern social philosophy. If we should want to forgo this cruelty, we could arrange—there is no insuperable difficulty—for state pensions also to be linked to an index.

It would be better if this index for pensioners could be a separate one and somewhat differently constructed. Old people do not buy quite the same things as those of working age. They tend to spend slightly less on tennis rackets and motor-bicycles and slightly more on arm-chairs. The second principle then is, I suggest, that there should be more than one index. There should, I think, be separate index numbers for industrial workers, for farm workers, for clerks and for executive grades, as well as for pensioners, since all these have recognisably different ways of spending their income. Class differences may have become somewhat blurred of late, but it would take a newspaper editor to argue that they have gone. One cannot expect a single index to tell what is happening to the cost-of-living standard in each and every case. Putting together so many index numbers might sound rather a big undertaking, but actually much of the information on prices required would be common to all the index numbers. Social classes are similar at least in that we nearly all eat bread, burn coal, and wear shoes.

Perhaps all this sounds like bothering too much with index numbers; we should face the possibility that the second half of this century is going to be predominantly a period of rising prices. Much of our thinking on economic policy, both academic thinking and popular thinking, is influenced by the century after the Napoleonic wars, when prices were stable, often slightly sagging. Today, the countries of the west are struggling to build up military protection and at the same time to maintain big social services. These two aims alone mean a considerable burden on the resources of the western bloc. We must also allow for the almost universal determination, written into the United Nations Charter, not to see widespread unemployment reappear. If the burden on any economy were eased for long, and unemployment appeared, there would be plenty of pressure to increase other sorts of expenditure, such as housing. There is also likely to be a growing demand for the technical development of backward countries (including our own).

Unless incomes are automatically protected against rising prices, those who happen to have been left out of the latest increases in wages,

salaries or pensions will develop a strong sense of grievance, and a sense of grievance will hamper the economy. People with a grievance strike or sulk according to temperament and social class. In time they become intolerant of those who stand in the way of their regaining the living standard that appears to them their conventional due. A main practical problem of politics is precisely to prevent this growth of intolerance; and one of the chief techniques at our disposal is to arrange for each sort of income to be linked in some way to an appropriate cost-of-living index.

But discontent is not the only danger of an era of rising prices. A continued steady price rise might also make people lose confidence in the pound. One day they really would abandon even the shadow of the nostalgic belief in a return to more 'normal' prices. When that happened they might try to spend all their income and some of their capital too, before it lost its value. This would greatly aggravate the shortage of goods, and tend to make prices rise even faster. Such loss of the usual affection for money as such is the thing that distinguishes the really violent inflations such as those of Germany in the nineteen-twenties or China in the post-war years from the milder ones we have known. In each case the violent inflation was one of the main causes of the disruption of the social structure. It is something to be avoided. Life is violent enough without a rapid inflation. The only fundamental cure is to remove the war effort, or whatever is overloading the economy. But if that cannot be managed, you can guard to some extent against this particular risk by guaranteeing savers against a loss of real capital. The Government could, for example, promise those buying savings certificates that they would eventually get back not only their capital and accrued interest, but enough more to cover any rise meanwhile, though probably it should only give this cost-of-living bonus if certificates were kept till they had run their full course. This would mean that savers could be confident that their savings would not command less goods in the future than they could buy now with the money. It would not be easy to arrange because savings certificates are bought by rich and poor. You could hardly ensure that the certificate at maturity would buy more oysters and more tripe-and-onions than the amount saved would buy today. However, it would be possible to draw up some sort of list of goods, and to guarantee the saver that when the savings certificates matured he would be able to buy this list.

### No Easy Solution

There is, however, one point, and an important one, still to clear up. It might seem from what I have said that we can protect everyone against a fall in living standards by some sort of sleight-of-hand with index numbers. This is not true. If civilian output is cut, because of arms production or capital investment or an export drive, then average living standards over the whole population must fall. In fact, the attempt to protect sections of the public fully against such a fall must make the sacrifice very much worse for everyone else. The more people have automatic rises in income when prices rise, the faster will costs in industry rise because these incomes are themselves ultimately costs of production, and the faster, therefore, will prices rise. We are running grave risks here, because one of the ways the economy has thrown off its burden in the past has been by reducing their real cost in terms of goods. For example, the burden of interest on war debts would have become insupportable but for price rises that reduced the living standards of bond-holders. If we try to prevent this, we are really tampering with the economy's safety valve. No complete answer exists, I must confess, to this objection. When prices are rising we either do nothing and have all the injustices and all the social and political strains, or we tie most incomes to cost-of-living indices, in which case we accelerate the price rise. We must not be so unsophisticated as to expect an easy way out of an awkward situation. The characteristic of awkward situations is that they pose awkward choices.

There are, however, other checks on the economy. The most widely known one is income tax. This automatically drains off much of the extra purchasing power created by a price rise. But there can be another check too. The Government would retain a powerful weapon against inflation if its new index of the cost of living did not fully cover all luxuries. Suppose, for example, it took no account of cinema-going, then increasing the entertainments tax would not cause a rise in the index, or in the income tied to the index. I would not go so far as to say that the cinema should be considered entirely a luxury and cut out of the index. But they might be lightly represented so that tax

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# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 14d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

## The Art of the Novel

**S**INCE conversation in these days is the principal means of communication between people in everyday life', says Mr. Henry Green in his talk, 'A Novelist to his Readers', reproduced in our columns this week, 'I for one maintain that dialogue will be the mainstay of novels for quite a while'. The point was made explicit in a previous talk of his which appeared in THE LISTENER last November: dialogue today (he argued) is the best way of creating life, of a kind, in the reader because 'we do not write letters any more, we ring up on the telephone instead'. It is true—and to many regrettable—that in these days we have every inducement to abstain from writing letters, or indeed, when we remember how scarce and expensive paper is, from writing anything at all. Those who work in offices know what it is to receive instructions (written sometimes at unnecessary length) to be brief in their writing and whenever possible to settle matters either on the telephone or by direct conversation. Thus in the twentieth century machines and human folly combine to militate against the written word. Certainly it is to the good that verbiage should be eliminated. Yet there are things we sometimes want to say to one another that it is difficult or impossible to say face to face; if they are to be communicated at all they must be written, and considering what a large part communication plays in human relationship, a decline in the practice of writing is not to be numbered among the blessings of this age.

Mr. Green's argument, however, is a strong one. Novelists, like poets, are part and parcel of the age in which they live, and if they wish to communicate their ideas effectively they must take count of the style and idiom of that age. One should write, Mr. Somerset Maugham has said, in the manner of one's period. Dialogue and pretty well nothing but dialogue may, as Mr. Green suggests, be the thing—which is to say, the modern fashion. Long descriptive passages are for most present-day readers as out of place as long dresses for women or Victorian ballads. But, all allowances made, it is by the treatment, by the handling of the material, by the writer's power to create life in the reader's mind that his work will stand or fall. Fashions may be regarded, the rules of good writing complied with, descriptions cut to the minimum, dialogue given full rein; for the purpose of bringing a work alive one scene may be superimposed upon another, two scenes telescoped into one, constant use made of the three-dimensional treatment, the oblique approach, and so on. All these things may be done, all devices employed, yet unless the words are so arranged that they 'strike' with the reader, engaging his interest and evoking his imaginative response, the result in terms of novel-writing will be of very little worth. That it may be of some worth has lately been claimed by the French writer, Jacques Corbier, who in a plea for the bad novelist argues that an immense quantity of apparently wasted compost may be necessary in order to make the rich soil which can nourish a single rare flower. (The trouble is, he adds, that, though it is necessary for a great many bad books to be written, publishers will publish them.)

Where then in the final analysis should a novel-writer look for guidance in the way to bring his work alive? The short answer surely is—into his own heart. Anthony Trollope was not the first or the last to say that the novelist's best counsellor is human nature. 'But', he adds in a sentence that sheds about as much light on the problem as a single sentence can, 'in following human nature the novel-writer must remember that he does so with a pen in his hand, and that the reader who will appreciate human nature will also demand artistic ability and literary aptitude'.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Paris meeting

BROADCASTS FROM THE EAST on the four-power talks in Paris tended to be linked with the World 'Peace' Council's appeal for a five-power 'peace' pact. The general line taken was that the Western Powers, led by the United States of America, did not genuinely wish for an agreement with the U.S.S.R. A Moscow home broadcast, quoting *Pravda's* Paris correspondent, accused the Western Powers of playing a double game: on the one hand 'inspired' rumours were circulating to the effect that Mr. Davies and M. Parodi had asked Mr. Jessup to be reasonable—thus creating the impression that Britain and France would like to include the question of German demilitarisation on the agenda but that 'their implacable American Uncle won't hear of it'. On the other hand, behind closed doors, Mr. Davies and M. Parodi were in fact joining forces with Mr. Jessup. A typical comment came from Berlin radio quoting the Soviet military paper, *Taegliche Rundschau*, on the Soviet proposals for an agenda:

A comparison will show that the Soviet Union puts concrete things first, while the Americans carefully evade anything concrete and withdraw into vague generalities.

On March 9 all West German radio stations broadcast the proceedings of the meeting of the German Parliament in Bonn, which was debating a motion demanding free elections throughout Germany. Dr. Adenauer, in his opening speech, stressed that the restoration of German unity 'in freedom' was essential for the preservation of peace; and the first step must be the restoration of full political freedom in the Soviet zone so that free and universal elections could be held.

A Yugoslav commentator speaking from Zagreb radio remarked that if the Foreign Ministers' Deputies really wanted to ease the present tension in Europe, they should not confine themselves to the German problem, for one of the main sources of tension was 'the aggressive pressure exerted on Yugoslavia by . . . Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, with the full moral and material support of the Soviet Union'. Details about this 'pressure' on Yugoslavia, in the form of Soviet and Cominform troops on Yugoslavia's frontiers, were given in broadcast references to the Yugoslav White Book; and in his speech in Belgrade on March 11, Tito, after reaffirming Yugoslavia's desire for peace, stated:

But unfortunately there is a great imperialist country, the Soviet Union, which is giving no peace. . . As all the world knows, they are making preparations to invade our country. But their attacks will be broken against the granite unity of our people.

On the Soviet side, the 'peace' theme reached new heights with the tremendous publicity given to the World 'Peace' Council's appeal for a five-power peace pact and with the celebrations of International Women's Day. The appeal for a peace pact, said Moscow broadcasts, far transcended the scope of the Stockholm peace appeal, though the experience gained in collecting the millions of signatures for that appeal would be valuable.

A few days after an Academician over Moscow radio declared that no money was being spent on military adventures or arms drives in the Soviet Union, the Soviet Finance Minister, presenting the budget for 1951, on March 7, announced that the U.S.S.R.'s military expenditure this year would be greater than for any year since the war. In a comment on the new Soviet budget, Moscow radio, quoting *Pravda*, explaining that this expenditure represented 21.3 per cent., said:

The budget is that of a peace-loving country directing its people towards the development of civilian industries and agriculture, in absolute contrast with the budgets of the United States and other capitalist countries.

Moscow radio also reported the Chairman of the Soviet budget committee as having severely criticised a number of Ministries for their year's work. Among the Ministries listed as having done little to remedy shortcomings pointed out to them were the Ministries of Meat and Dairy Industry, Building Materials, Fish, Timber and Electric Power.

There was also interesting industrial news from Czechoslovakia last week, where the trade unions were said, by Prague radio, to have welcomed the decision of the Communist Party to raise the targets of the five-year plan. In future, it said, workers who specially distinguish themselves will no longer be granted 'Shockworkers' Certificates' entitling them to priority in housing and rations. This system had been rendered obsolete by new methods of 'socialist emulation'. Instead they will receive medals. Other Czech broadcasts showed anxiety about 'national communism' on the Titoist model.



# Did You Hear That?

## SEEKING THE SOURCE OF THE AMAZON

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPEDITION is about to seek the source of the Amazon. JOHN BROWN, an English member of the expedition, described the project in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'The Amazon', he said, 'rises in the Peruvian Andes, and after a course of over 4,000 miles through forest and jungle and across Brazil, enters the Atlantic on the Equator. Many expeditions have explored the tributaries of the Amazon, but few have bothered with the remote sources on the Andean plateau, of the western (that is, the Pacific) side of South America. There is still disagreement among geographers as to the ultimate source; the Rivers Marañon, Napo Ucuyali and Urubamba in Peru are all claimants. The main sources of run-off in the Andean watershed are more than 16,000 feet above sea level. They come from rain, melting snow and waters pouring out from storage beneath the earth's surface. No serious attempt to measure these has ever been made, although new methods are now available.

'I have timed our trip so that we shall arrive on the Amazon at the end of the rainy season. We shall then move on, travelling by canoe, motor-boat, horse and mule. At some point we may take off in an aircraft to get some photographs. For the greater part of our journey we shall be moving along the only highway—that is, the river itself—through the colossal primeval forest that stretches for nearly 3,000 miles, right from the mouth of the river to beyond Iquitos. Nowhere on earth is the struggle for existence as desperate as it is on the banks of the Amazon. It is a vast confusion of millions of plants and trees, with swamp all round you, and with alligators, piranha fish, sting-rays, electric eels and huge anaconda snakes to make life difficult. It is almost impossible to live on the jungle, and everything you want has to be carried with you. But much of the time we shall be out of the jungle and up in the treeless areas about 12,000 feet high, where everything is bleak and barren, with glacier lakes and snowy peaks, rising to 22,000 feet. We shall be alone up there except for the condors and perhaps a few odd bears and peccary.

'The expedition is a real Anglo-American affair. An American editor I know, a Mr. Sargent, who has organised several previous expeditions, was the first to think of it, and the maps on which we depend are the work of the American Geographical Society, and in particular of Dr. O. M. Miller of the School of Surveying. As if to confirm the Anglo-American link, Dr. Miller is a Scot by birth, and won the M.C. in the British Army. Sebastian Snow, who is the only other Briton, has explored Northern Lapland and wildest Afghanistan since the recent war, and he looks on this trip as a mere exercise canter for his principal objective in 1952, that is, to cross Northern Greenland.

'Scores of people wanted to go with us, including dozens of ex-Servicemen. Several apparent supermen wrote to me. They said they could speak fluent Spanish, sail boats, ride broncos, handle mules, fish, climb mountains, cook, box, wrestle—they said they were dead shots, and could and would fight any man of their age and weight in the house. Some threw in a few university degrees. But in addition they were all "financially embarrassed" so that was that. I am a quiet home-loving type, and if I had enough money I would take my wife along.

I know she can cook as well as a Frenchwoman, and can climb and shoot. All my friends are unanimous in telling me that this expedition will be a failure. Well, we shall see'.

## GRAPE-PICKING IN PROVENCE

'When I was a boy at school', said PETER FORSTER in 'Woman's Hour', 'I read about grape-picking in Provence in a book by Alphonse Daudet, and my imagination was thrilled by the impression it gave of the gaiety and high spirits of the wine harvest. Also by a description of people dancing around on the grapes in their bare feet.

'Last autumn a friend and I managed to get taken on as grape-pickers at a largish farm not far from Ramatuelle, a village between Toulon and Cannes on the Riviera. We were lodged in an outhouse and slept on a palliasse, and each morning at six-thirty we trooped out to the vineyards. We used to work without a break until mid-day (calculated, I may say, by the sun, and not by one of your new-fangled time-pieces), when we stopped for a meal. At half-past one we started again and carried on until seven in the evening.

'It was hard work, bent double most of the time, cutting the bunches of grapes with *sécateur*, or else carrying the full baskets and emptying them into the waiting cart. But that I had expected. What I had not expected was the variety of the grapes. I had always imagined them to be either black or white. I was completely unprepared for the array of colours that I found. These grapes were golden and pink, blue and black, amethyst, green, mauve, scarlet, amber, orange, yellow; on some the bloom shone like a spider's web touched by the dew; on others the colour



Grape-picking for the wine harvest in Provence

was so blatant it almost made you blink.

'We put the grapes into wicker baskets, which were in turn emptied into carts, drawn either by horse or tractor, standing between the rows of vines. The profusion of colour in those cart-loads of grapes was breathtakingly beautiful. And when the cart was nearly full one of the farm-lads would throw off his shoes, climb up, and tread the grapes down with his feet. I took a turn at this myself, and so the dream inspired by Daudet years ago came true. I danced around on the grapes, often sinking in to my knees, and as I looked around I could see over rows and rows of vines to the blue line of the sea beyond in one direction, while the other edge of the vineyard was skirted by the deep green shade of a pine wood.

'The wine harvest in the district ended with an open-air dance in the specially illuminated square at Ramatuelle; a lovely picture as the profusion of coloured skirts and dresses swirled beneath the trees, to the orchestra of a saxophone, accordion and drums, while a silent line of old women dressed in black sat on the far side looking, I suspect, far sadder than they felt'.

## WHEN THE FROG AWAKES

In a Home Service talk MAXWELL KNIGHT explained the nature of hibernation. 'Many', he said, 'think of hibernation as "winter sleep". It is not sleep. In true sleep our organs continue to function in much the same way as they do when we are awake. Our breathing goes on; and our circulation, and digestion, even though they slow down a



trifle, continue their work. In hibernation, breathing and circulation are reduced to a rate that can best be described as "just ticking over", while digestion probably does no work at all. In fact it used to be thought that if a reptile in captivity was fed and then allowed to hibernate immediately after a meal, it would probably die, owing to the food remaining in its body and decomposing. Recent experiments have cast some doubt on this—although what exactly happens about the undigested food is obviously a point for further research.

Another difference between sleep and hibernation is that an animal can easily be awakened from sleep, but apart from greatly increased warmth ordinary stimuli like touching or scratching, or even pinching, will not awaken a hibernating creature. It will be seen from this that it is not right to call hibernation "sleep". It is more like a state of sustained coma.

Why do animals hibernate? There does not seem to be just one single common cause. Of course lack of food in winter is something to do with it; but that alone is not sufficient to account for it, for several of our animals go into hibernation when they could quite easily find food during the winter months. Neither is temperature the deciding thing, except with reptiles and insects, for some hibernators remain active under far colder conditions than others, although they too will eventually retire from the winter scene.

The generally held notion is that more or less at a stated time each year certain animals just select suitable spots, curl themselves up, and remain comatose until the following spring. But observation does not support this at all. Our few hibernating mammals wake and stir occasionally during hibernation; and this is another puzzling point: these interruptions do not always seem to coincide with periods of warm weather; though, of course, periods of abnormal warmth in winter will bring creatures out into the open again.

Bats have been known to fly during such spells, and bats are probably our most complete hibernators. Snakes, particularly adders, have been recorded on numbers of occasions basking in the winter sun, even with snow on the ground; and I have myself seen our common frog in an ordinary field in December with the weather only a few degrees above freezing. Again, only recently I have had reports from reliable observers showing that two other confirmed hibernators, the hedgehog and the dormouse, not only break hibernation but actually feed during their periods of emergence. We need further research here by trained physiologists working together with field naturalists'.

## DRILLING FOR STEAM

'The ancients', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL in a talk in the Home Service, 'found that the water in the Larderello Valley in Italy had medicinal properties, and in the late eighteenth century learned men found that the principal constituent of their deposits was what they called "Homberg's Sedative Salt"—in more modern language, boric acid. By the nineteenth century an industry had sprung up to extract borax and boric acid both from the water and from the mixture of gases and natural superheated steam which was found to be making the bubbles. This steam was also used to heat the boilers in which the water was being evaporated, and as the industry developed, more and more attention was concentrated on it. The idea grew that there must be somewhere underground a vast reservoir of this steam, and drilling operations were begun to tap it at other places than the natural escapes. It was difficult and dangerous work. The bores had to be carried deep into the earth; sometimes the steam failed to appear, and sometimes it burst forth with a rush of debris and boiling water. But by the beginning of this century several artificial blow-holes had been established, and efforts were being made to use the steam not only for its chemical properties but also for its heat and energy. There were many technical difficulties, due mainly to the chemical effects of the steam on the

apparatus, but by 1905 an engine, driven by natural steam, was operating a dynamo and supplying electric current to the whole boracic industry plant at Larderello.

Between the two wars the situation was revolutionised by the use of new drilling techniques and improved apparatus. In 1931 one of these drills had reached the depth of 877 feet, when there was a tremendous explosion and steam at a temperature of 401 degrees Fahrenheit came rushing out of the hole at a pressure of 50 pounds to the square inch, and a capacity of 220 tons an hour. This enormous supply of natural energy was successfully harnessed and since then, with an interruption due to the second world war, drilling operations have been pressed forward. Today there are more than 140 of these blow-holes, some of them as much as a mile deep, all pouring out super-heated steam which is converted into electric energy.

'I recently visited the plant and saw the whole hillside interlaced with huge metal pipelines leading from the various blow-holes. The air itself was resounding with the noise of steam rushing out from the latest blow-hole of all, only eight days old, and not yet harnessed'.



Father Vincent of Mount St. Bernard Abbey, Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, with the vases which he has made for exhibition at the Festival of Britain

## A MONK AND HIS POTTERY

A modern potter, using the old methods of moulding clay, has completed two vases for exhibition in London during the Festival of Britain. They were made in the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard in Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire. This monastery belongs to the Trappist Order, which means that its community of monks live in silence: they speak only when they are given express permission to do so. This permission was given when a B.B.C. reporter, IVOR JONES, went to see the vases. He talked to Father Vincent, who made them, and spoke about his work in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The two vases', he said, 'are now standing in the lobby in a part of the abbey that is used as a guest house. They are in very different styles. The smaller of them is about three feet high, and Father Vincent has christened it "the cathedral", partly because it has four arching handles that remind him of flying buttresses. It is pale blue and is decorated with a gilt cross. The other is much larger, and a golden brown colour. It stands about six feet high, and has a slender line that reminded me of ancient

Egyptian urns or the pottery of some African tribe. Certainly it is quite unlike anything you would see in a shop. And this antique, almost primitive, design has been emphasised by the pattern on the vase. This shows a prehistoric monster rather like a lizard. Father Vincent drew it from fossils he saw in Leicester Museum. But he points out that there is a resemblance between the shape of the vase and the outline of the creature's body.

But this ancient theme goes even further than that, because this particular vase was made by a method that goes back thousands of years. Most of Father Vincent's work is done on the potter's wheel, but not this piece. He made it by the method known as "coiling". In this the sides of the pot are built up slowly with thin long rows of clay. Round the top of the vase you can see the spiral pattern of the roll; but the body of it has been smoothed. This was done with a broken hacksaw blade, "my only concession to the machine age", Father Vincent says. The rest was made with his hand and eye alone. And it must have been very exacting to keep it in symmetry. But what pleases him most is that his work has already found a place in two museums, and will soon be appearing in others. For he only took up pottery a matter of three and a half years ago'.

The Leeds Art Collections Fund and the Libraries and Arts Sub-Committee at Leeds now publishes a quarterly, *Leeds Art Calendar*, which deals with the arts in Yorkshire and describes recent acquisitions. The current number (autumn-winter, 1950-51, price 1s. 6d.), for example, includes an article on 'Fifteen Contemporary Painters' whose works are on exhibition at the City Art Gallery. Subscriptions for the *Art Calendar* may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 12, Butterley Street, Leeds, 10.



## Studies in Social Change

## Family Problems in the Welfare State

By RICHARD TITMUSS

IT is fashionable today, according to our mood, to criticise the family, praise its steadiness, sentimentalise its role and lament its failures—but rarely to study it. Looking back over the social researches of the last twenty years, one cannot help remarking how most of the social, psychological and medical studies have ignored the family. They have conceived their research problems in terms of individual need and individual behaviour. As the American anthropologist Lowie pointed out in a recent book, we know very little about any western family system. I am not, however, going to spend time analysing the character of previous social studies. Instead, I want to discuss one or two of the ways in which the processes of family life have been affected by the social changes of the past half-century. But, first of all, I want to throw out some generalisations—tentative, incomplete and controversial though they undoubtedly are.

## Essential Needs

Among the fundamental social problems of our times, I suggest that one of the most intractable is the problem of distributing our resources and conducting our affairs in harmony with the needs of the family. The family has certain essential needs—economic needs, institutional needs and psychological needs. This whole system of needs is in a constant state of change as the family expands and diminishes in size and responsibilities. If, in one of these stages, the economic need—to take one example—is not properly met because society has forgotten that most men are fathers and husbands as well as workers, then it may be that the family's psychological needs will be harder to satisfy and its members more liable to psychological sickness. What I am suggesting is that if the equilibrium of the family's social health is upset in one area of need then its other needs will be so intensified, so abnormal, as to make it necessary for the state to attempt to right the balance, or ameliorate the trouble, by providing social supports and services. My next theory is that the cultural demands which society has increasingly imposed on parents in child upbringing have outpaced, first, the capacity of many parents to meet these demands and, second, both the willingness and the capacity of society to help parents to discharge these heavier responsibilities.

These are only rough working hypotheses which require testing and criticising. To begin with, however, let me say how I, as a social investigator, was led to these generalisations about the problems of the family in the contemporary social order. During the nineteen-thirties, when I was studying the effects of poverty on ill health, I was struck, like many others—Eleanor Rathbone, John Boyd Orr and Seeborn Rowntree—with the difficulty of giving adequate economic help to the unemployed man with a wife and several children to support. If he was given enough to maintain his family above, but only just above, some arbitrary poverty line then it often meant that he was better off unemployed than working. Many of the social surveys of the nineteen-thirties repeatedly underlined this dilemma. If the needs of children were recognised, then the classical mechanisms of work-incentives and rewards were upset along with the doctrine of parental responsibility. The fact that so many of these social surveys identified children as the primary cause of poverty among adults was one of the important arguments for the post-war social service state. In some respects these services are an attempt by society to repair deficiencies in certain areas of need caused, at least in part, by the antagonisms to family life and social relations resulting from a value system centred on the individual; a system which almost always neglects to take account of one simple fact about the family structure of Britain—that one quarter of all the families in the country are responsible for bringing up three-quarters of the nation's children—in other words, three-quarters of the next generation of parents are coming from the larger families.

Before the war, interest in social research was shallow. When the war came, with evacuation, bombing and other strains on civilian life, it showed how little we knew about the family, its needs and its psychological resources. In gathering material for the war history of the social services, I was led, for example, to contrast the predicted

behaviour of the civilian exposed to air bombardment with his actual behaviour. The test of prediction is, however empirically applied, the test to which the social scientist and those who claim a place in the sun for the social sciences must submit in the end. The events of bombing and evacuation showed that the predictions were sadly in error. They went wrong partly because they had been based to a large extent on the study of the abnormal—because we are too apt to generalise from the pathological to the normal—and partly because the ideas of those who made them were conceived too much in terms of individual behaviour and too little in terms of group or family behaviour. The realities of evacuation and of bombing and the storms over service pay forced us in some of our war-time policies to consider the needs of the family. The business of having constantly to work at remaining a family is difficult enough in peace time; with the stresses of war the burden on many families became insupportable. Many families were scattered, disorganised, distressed, and we learnt that once a child was separated from its mother state action to compensate for this became a highly complicated affair of many officials, trained experts, institutions and organs of government.

We have also to remember that the quality of social care is so much better today than it used to be—and, of course, much more expensive. Because our standards have risen so enormously—we devote after all far more time and attention to the deprived child and the delinquent boy—the problem of disorganised family life is now a matter of much greater public importance than it was fifty years ago. Then, it was all left to the Poor Law; now we have an elaborate structure of specialised services. Is the Welfare State an attempt to provide compensating supports and services for the individual and his family who cannot now stand alone against hostile forces and, at the same time, achieve unaided what society expects of them? Or should the proposition be reversed? Is it true that the growth of state action has so undermined family life and parental responsibilities that more and bigger supports are increasingly called for?

I cannot hope, nor would I presume, to answer such questions as these in a few minutes. I ask them, not because I know the answers, but because I think it is important for the social sciences to ask, and to go on asking, the big questions. All too often workers in these fields are content to ask the little questions—little irrelevant questions—in the belief, I suppose, that if one goes on collecting enough little facts a big hypothesis will some day emerge.

## Changes in Reproduction

Let us begin then, by asking what has been happening to the family during the past fifty years or so—the period during which the state has increasingly intervened in the social and economic life of the community. The first and most striking fact is the extent to which the family has dwindled in size. The contemporary family of one, two or three children has replaced the family of four, six, eight and even ten of half-a-century ago. The studies made by demographers for the Royal Commission on Population have emphasised the importance of measuring changes in reproduction in terms of family size. The latest of these studies shows that the family of five or more children is fast disappearing in Britain. Among the many important effects of these changes are that the burden of child dependency is now more concentrated in the life span of parents between the ages of twenty to fifty; that for parents in many social groups the economic burden falls in a period when earnings are relatively low; and that the share of the nation's income going to people who are no longer responsible for the maintenance of children is increasing and is far greater than it was fifty years ago. It is these people who in the main set the standards for the rest, who help to determine the wants and the social appetites of society at large. To parents of children who see this higher standard around them the difference between what is and what might be becomes more marked.

The rise in living standards in the last fifty years and the great increase in the number and variety of ways in which wives, as well as



husbands, can now spend their money, has also had the effect of widening the *felt* differences in living standards between those with and those without children. We have now, for the majority of the people, a situation of relatively high earnings before marriage and among childless couples who are both working and then, in late middle life when both parents can work again and the children are no longer dependent, another phase of relative prosperity. Between these two periods there is a long stretch of hardship—hardship which is more acutely sensed because of the prosperity which preceded it. As one of the studies of the Royal Commission on Population pointed out '... the distribution of the individual's income over the various parts of his life is becoming increasingly unsatisfactory in relation to his needs'. This is one example of what I mean when I speak of the antagonisms to family life which have developed in modern society.

### The Cost of Children

Social forces of this kind and the frustrations that go with them have been strengthened by another important factor—the rise in the social esteem of children during the past forty years or so. We have seen in this period what amounts to a revolution in standards of child care. In every area of a child's life—its physical health and habits, its emotional development, its educational progress, its clothes, its toys and its play—in all its stages of growth and activity, the modern child receives far more care and attention than the child of fifty years ago. In a study of York made by Rowntree some fifty years ago, he gave a list of the clothing and footwear regarded by the parents as necessary for children in the homes of skilled workers. There are only six items in these lists, the weekly cost of which amounted to 5d. per child—equal to about 1s. 6d. today when account is taken of the official estimate of the change in the value of the pound. Today, many local authorities have a list of some twenty items for clothing deprived children placed in foster-homes; these authorities spend £15 to £20 in fitting-out a child, and they then make a weekly clothing allowance averaging about 7s. 6d. in addition to the maintenance grant of from 15s. to 24s. per week according to the age of the child.

The social compulsions on parents to raise the standard of life of their children have come from many streams of public opinion, education and custom. For over thirty years the maternity, child welfare and health services have advised, instructed and lectured parents on how to bring up their children, while the emphasis on the importance of education has multiplied as fast as the number and variety of examinations, tests of intelligence and aptitude. Simultaneously, the science—or art—of psychology and psycho-analytic theory is leading us back to the nursery and mother-child relationships, and is increasingly stressing the importance of the first five years of life in the development of personality and emotional health.

These changes in cultural pressures—in standards of socially accepted and approved behaviour—have had the effect of greatly increasing the responsibilities—and therefore the anxieties—of parenthood. The child is more important, it must conform more to the higher standards set by society, it is probably punished much less but nagged much more, and maybe finds it more difficult to know when it is in the right and when in the wrong. These changes in the pattern of family life were summed up a few years ago by a thoughtful observer when he wrote: 'In the nineteenth century children were taught that they owed everything to their parents; today, parents believe that they owe everything to their children'. Not only today, but tomorrow as well. Hence the anxieties of the modern parent about education; about security and success for their children. This middle-class morality—to which other classes subscribe or aspire—assumes, as E. M. Forster said in *Howards End*, that 'preparation against danger is in itself a good, and that men, like nations, are the better for staggering through life fully armed'.

At many levels of income, there are now two standards of living in a family; a higher one for the children—a lower one for the parents. The struggle to maintain the higher standard for the child is today very severe; indeed, among the families of workers and lower middle class groups it can only be done by both parents going out to work. It is a remarkable fact that in the so-called Welfare State there are more married women aged twenty-five to fifty-five at work outside the home than in any peace-time year during the past half-century. Compared with the situation in 1937 the number employed in factories, offices and shops may well have risen by 200 to 300 per cent. It is difficult to believe that all these women are leaving their homes every morning because they want to; a more reasonable hypothesis is that it pays the family better for mother to go to work and for father to forgo overtime

and Saturday work and instead to help in the house. What happens in the home may now determine to a greater extent than in the nineteenth century what happens in the factory. If this is so—if there is developing a different division of labour in the family, a rearrangement of role and function—then we shall not understand the reasons for low productivity among men simply by studying their output and their attitudes to work. We shall need to consider also the situation, motives and behaviour of the family as a whole.

To the extent that we continue to frame our social policies in terms of an unrelated, sovereign individual we may be increasing the pressures on the family. The nation's cost of living index, for instance, is not a family index. It is based on a collection of individuals called a household composed of more adults than children. So it gives more prominence to expenditure on wines and spirits than on children's shoes. At the same time as many of our social policies are rooted in concepts of individual need the cultural forces at work are continuing to demand from parents unrealisable standards of child care. Such contradictions as these can only lead to feelings of frustration and conflict. In other words, we may have to compensate for the kind of society we have created by providing an elaborate network of social supports, not because these supports are a good thing in themselves, but because they are needed as compensations for the troubles that arise from the tensions and contradictions in modern society.

Whatever may be thought about these sweeping generalisations, no one, I think, will dispute the fact that the last fifty years have been years of great changes in patterns of living and behaving. The family, as the primary unit of social activity, has been caught up in all this. Its functions of providing food and shelter, affection and social training may have been deeply influenced. If the social sciences are to justify the extravagant claims that are sometimes made on their behalf then they must address themselves to these questions and help our understanding of these problems of the family in a changing society.

—Third Programme

## Cost-of-Living Index

(continued from page 407)

changes on them did not cause a big rise in the index. Incomes tied to the index would then not fully respond to a rise in the taxes.

What this would amount to in practice would be an understanding between the Government and the public that certain commodities were suitable for taxation in emergency, and that the public would not get full protection against such taxes. Their living standards would fall if they continued to purchase these commodities, though any single individual would be able to escape the fall if he could bring himself to drink less whisky, or whatever was being taxed. Would the public, in fact, agree to accept voluntarily a fall in living standards imposed like this? It would depend on how much they approved of the purpose for which the burden was being imposed. But if they would agree at all, this is, I imagine, the most hopeful way to get their co-operation. For one thing, it would satisfy the deep puritanical streak in our people, which already allows this country, and only this country, to tax so heavily drink and tobacco. Would this be in fact a revival of Figuremanship? I think not, because one of the features of Figuremanship is that it is not entirely above board, while the under-representation of some luxuries in the new index should be deliberate and open and avowed.

The choice of the commodities to be wholly or partly excluded from the index should also be most carefully made, preferably by consultation with the T.U.C., professional organisations, and so on. The exclusion of beer and the virtual exclusion of tobacco from the index, which was well up to 1947, greatly encouraged Chancellors to turn to duties on these commodities. The technical decisions of statisticians decades ago on the details of the old index thus decided tax programmes in the recent war. The apparently technical decisions about a new index would also in effect decide the taxes to which future Chancellors could turn.

To sum up, although we need an honest and up-to-date index for each social class as main elements in our economic policy, we cannot afford to have them measure the cost-of-living, in the full sense of the word 'living'. On the other hand, if they were dishonest or if they only measured the cost of existence, nobody would bother to use them.

—Third Programme



# The Village of Shotts

By JEROME WILLIS

**T**HE village of Shotts is long, narrow and grey. It straggles over the Lanarkshire hills like a snake. If you pass it in the train between Edinburgh and Glasgow you would not pay much attention to it, apart from the slag heaps that rise like giant molehills all round. Slag heaps mean coalmines, and coal is the reason for Shotts. It has been dug from under the village for over a century. I had never heard of the place before I went there a few weeks ago. I approached it with a certain misgiving. Though I have covered all sorts of stories I had never lived in a mining village. Here



Between the shifts: a Shotts miner who has just come off (centre) talks with others who are just preparing to go on



Miners' homes at Shotts, with Stane colliery in the background

was just another community in which to lose myself for a time, and to emerge with a picture of what I saw and heard.

I arrived there about tea time, and was immediately conscious that everyone on the platform knew I was a stranger. It was not just because I carried a suitcase and a typewriter. It was because everyone knows everyone else in Shotts. Even if they don't know them to speak to they know Shotts people by sight or perhaps by instinct. And a strange face is looked upon these days with interest. For Shotts is a village that is doomed to die unless someone finds an alternative industry to mining. Most of the pits are old and tired. They have given of their best to build the great Clyde shipping industry. What coal is left in them, the experts say, won't be worth digging out in a few years' time. The expense will be too great for the return they give. So a stranger arriving in the village excites great interest. He may be someone who is surveying the site for a new factory. And that means work for the miners when their pits are closed.

The scheme is that no pit will be closed until alternative work is offered in expanding mining areas like Fife or Ayrshire. But not everyone likes shifting their homes, even though new houses are offered and travel-

ling expenses paid. To the young it is mostly an adventure, fresh woods and pastures new. But to the middle-aged miner (and there are many) it is different. For generations their families have lived in this grey village among the rolling green hills. They have a fierce rural pride in it. Then there is the economic side. Their grown-up daughters have found work in Edinburgh or Glasgow, and all that helps the family budget. The long train that puffs into the station at six o'clock in the evening disgorges hundreds of young women returning from their jobs in the big city. Eighty per cent. are miners' daughters. Perhaps they would not find jobs so easily, or as well paid, if the family moved somewhere else. And there is another factor, very important in Scotland. The men would not be able to watch their local football team. How could they attach themselves to a new football team with strange jerseys, and lose their old loyalties?

All these questions were put to me when the



Until 1946, men entered the gate on the right to work at the blast furnaces in the iron works that year the works were closed and they have been shut ever since



villagers found I was not there to open a factory, but to find out about miners and the migration schemes. Most of them were put to me in the local over 'halves and halves'. That is a new kind of Scottish drink that I had to get used to. It is made up of a nip of whisky and half a pint of beer. Very soon it was thrust upon me that I was in Scotland, not England. When people spoke of 'this country' they meant Scotland, not Britain, nor even North Britain. And when I was told that such and such a place was near the 'wee burrrn beyon' the brae', I had to learn that meant the little stream just the other side of the hill. Gradually people opened up, though I was not going to start a factory, nor had I any solution for any of their difficulties. I was just a reporter. They took me into their homes and made me eat with them, though their rations are just as short as ours are down here. Despite the much vaunted miners' extra rations, for a week I did not taste butchers' meat. Miners' homes are spotlessly clean. Though there is quite a bit of overcrowding, I did not see a spot of dirt anywhere. And the outstanding feature I noticed was the bright red fire glowing in the grate, which threw out a heat we rarely enjoy down here. They do not have to save coal so much there, because miners get three or four bags a week at 1s. 6d. a hundredweight.

### A Unique Institute

The miners' institute is the centre of activity in the village. It is up a little narrow street just beyond the railway station. There is always something going on there. You can dance, swim, join in a debate, become an amateur actor, or just play billiards, dominoes, or you can just sit and chat. This institute is unique in the whole country. I mean Britain, not just Scotland. No one knows what will happen to this excellent building with swimming pool, ballroom, debating room, theatre and so on when all the Shotts pits are closed. They cannot move it brick by brick to an expanding mining area. So will it just stand as a monument to a deserted village when the pits are finally exhausted, and the young miners have moved on?

This is one of the problems of Dave Stewart, the manager of the institute. Dave is a long, lean, Lanarkshire man with amiable lines about his face. He is an ex-miner himself and fought with the infantry in the 1914-18 war. He is a bit of a swimmer, too, and the swimming pool in the institute was his idea. There he trains miners' sons, and their fathers, to swim in competition with other clubs. But that is only one of his activities, and the miners' institute has many. Dave has to see that they are all developed evenly, and everyone has something to interest him.

There is Archie Henderson who looks after the amateur dramatics. He is a producer, and his productions have won quite a lot of honours in Scotland. He is a stocky little man with curly brown hair, and a deep, musical voice. Archie goes down the pit as an overseer for his living, but on the surface his whole time is spent turning out good amateur actors and actresses in Shotts. His dream is that one day he will leave the pits and take up the stage as a full-time profession. Archie is never idle. If he is not down the pits he is reading new plays, or teaching casts in the institute or over at the local council school. There also I found young miners studying for their mine manager's certificates. After being down the pit from seven o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, they have a short afternoon nap, and off they go to evening school.

Of course, all the young miners do not go to evening school, nor do they all care if they ever become mine managers or not. Greyhounds are a peculiar passion for them. There was Jim, for instance, a young face worker who spent all his savings on buying a dog. His job was the night shift, which means knocking off about half-past six in the morning. Then, instead of going to bed, he takes his dog for exercise. Off he goes over the hills with the greyhound padding after him. I asked him if he didn't find it tiring at that hour in the morning. 'Not at all', he said. 'It gives me fresh air and exercise, and the dog needs exercise, too. One day he'll win a big prize. Then I'll be on velvet'. Some nights I would see him in the local looking glum. 'My dog went down badly today', he would say, 'and I put everything I had on him. Can't understand it. Can't be giving him the right food'.

Then there is Willie Moore, a totally different type. Willie throws the whole of his spare time actively into trade union work. He is a face worker, and branch secretary for his pit. He is young, vigorous, enthusiastic and practical. He has fierce dark eyes, and curly black hair. When he comes in from the pit at night it is usually eleven o'clock. He has a wife and two children. The two children are already asleep

in the same room where Willie eats his supper. There is a bright fire glowing in the grate, and as soon as supper is finished there is sure to be someone calling to see him. There are always union affairs to be seen to, and Willie is heart and soul in his job whether he is on the surface or down the pit. Also he has a strong sense of justice. Though he has a young family, and they are overcrowded in his little miner's cottage, he gave up the chance of a larger house to an older man. The man was fifty. He was a lower-paid pit worker. That means he earns a little more than half what Willie earns. So Willie, who had the chance of the house, passed it on to his less fortunate friend.

What of the rest of the 12,000 inhabitants who make up the village? About sixty per cent. are concerned in some way with the mines. The others are taken up by the diverse occupations that proximity to the big city of Glasgow offers. Most were originally miners, and come of mining stock. But they drifted away from the pit in the bad old days, and they have not come back.

Because the Burns anniversary coincided with the first week of my visit, I had to attend a Burns dinner. And that is a thing that every Sassenach, or even an Irishman, ought to do at least once in his lifetime. The strange ritual of the lonely wailing pipes, the deep voices reciting the poems of Bobbie Burns, and the solemnity that goes with it all. As a visitor I had to keep silent while they insulted the Sassenach with deep voices, accompanied by bracers and chasers. Towards the end of the evening a young man was called upon for a song. He chose, not a Burns ballad, but a popular music-hall hit, and because he had a good voice it brought down the house. Not the top table though. That nearly stood on end. Among these Burns dignitaries there was an awful silence as he made his way back to his seat. He was just about to sit down when a voice of thunder called upon him to come back and 'sing a Burns song' as this was a 'Burns night'.

Saturday night is the miner's night out. That is the only night in the week when you see the pubs full. The rest of the week they are empty, apart from a few stragglers. One local hostelry has created an innovation for the week-end. They run an impromptu concert, calling upon whatever local talent happens to be present. They hold it in what is termed, in the North of England, 'the smoke room'. In one corner there is a piano on a raised platform. The performers are urged on to the platform by the chairman for the evening. As the evening advances naturally a lot of customers want to sing, stimulated by bracers and chasers. I heard quite a few good turns, a miner with a good tenor voice singing opera in Italian; a flute player who whined out a wistful Scottish melody, and a local man who gave quite a good rendering of popular American songs. Most, however, just sang, using their lungs more than their throats. Some sang with their eyes closed; others forgot the words half-way, and fled from the platform like little girls who have forgotten the lines of their recitations. Others carried on whether the audience liked it or not.

It was a contrast to watch them singing, laughing, and amusing themselves together. And to think that on the morrow they would be back down the pit again, moving about like glow-worms in their dark passages, with the rumble of coal tubs the only music in this other world, this dark underground world, where they earned their bread and butter.—*Home Service*

## A City Park: Winter 1950-51

It is certainly no paradise; and yet this park

With its weather-bitten, social acres is a land  
Where bounds may always be adjusted: keep at bay dark  
Corners where malice talks, the beggar's dusty hand.

Whatever today's blown scraps of news may say

What's left when birds' beaks have torn and children scattered,  
Here war is a considered infinite distance away:

To the park with its frost and toy trees like Christmas it never  
mattered,

And where is Asia? . . . Two children are playing with a red ball

Which is all of each one's now. This son, this daughter,  
Hide the violated futures of the others; the tall

Mountains taller than death, the glaze of blood on water.

KENNETH GEE



## Contemporary Movements in Theology

## The Influence of Karl Barth

By IAN HENDERSON

LAST week, Professor Raven laid emphasis on the need for Christian theology to keep in touch with secular thought in general and with scientific thought in particular. He further maintained that liberal theology does not have the same meaning on this island that it has on the Continent. I think both these points are true and important. What I would like to do is, so to speak, to combine them and carry them a little farther. For it seems to me that the divergence between British and continental thought does not stop at a mere disagreement about the meaning of the term 'liberal theology'. Secular thought on the Continent is conditioned by existentialist thinkers such as Heidegger and Jaspers, a few of whose works are translated into English, and whose influence, consequently, is very much less here than it is elsewhere.

## The Nature of Existentialist Thinking

The result is that it is easy for us to do continental theologians an injustice. It is easy for us to dismiss them as obscurantists who are failing to meet the challenge of secular thought, when actually they are, in various ways, reacting to a kind of secular thinking with which we are not very familiar. This has a bearing on the fact that discussion of the relation between religion and science is perhaps disappointingly infrequent in recent continental theology. At least one reason for this is the fact that in the non-theological thought of the Continent one can detect a tendency to doubt whether the scientific approach to reality is the only one, and hence whether a final view of life can be based on its results alone. I suppose this all began with Kierkegaard's championship of the claims of existential as against speculative thinking. What he meant by existential thinking has been described very well by Dr. Brock as the kind of thinking involved in the 'choice of profession or a conflict in love, a catastrophic change in social conditions, or the imminence of one's own death'. We have all had some experience of that kind of thinking and we know how different it is from the impersonal, dispassionate thinking of the scientist in his laboratory or the professional philosopher in his study.

In our own day, Dr. Martin Buber has reached a similar result by pointing out that in life we make a twofold approach to reality, through the 'I-thou' and the 'I-it' relationships respectively. The scientific approach to reality is only valid within the limits of the second of these relationships. For the scientific method is the method of experiment; experiment is controlled observation; and the attitude of the dispassionate observer is ultimately inadequate in personal relationships. While it is perfectly legitimate for a chemist in his laboratory to apply a catalyst to a solution in order to observe its reactions, if the same scientist were to fail to bring home a birthday present to his wife simply in order to observe her reaction to this somewhat violent stimulus, he would certainly hear about it from her. And, according to Buber, quite rightly. For what he would have done, in such a case, would have been to apply to the 'I-thou' relation a technique which is only legitimate in the 'I-it' one. Thus, since the scientific method is limited to the 'I-it' relation, a final philosophy based on scientifically attained results alone is inevitably incomplete.

In the work of Martin Heidegger, just because his main interest is in ontology, we seem to be nearer the customary intellectual approach to reality. But that he, too, diverges from traditional ways is shown by his criticism of the application of the Aristotelean categories to human existence, by his warning men not to become too much absorbed in the world of things and by his summons to them to a concern with the possibilities of their human existence and, in particular, with the ultimate factor of their own death.

The writers I have mentioned are not foolish enough to try to disparage the immense achievements of science, or the invaluable discipline which scientific activity has provided for the human spirit. All they query is whether the only approach to reality is that of the impersonal, dispassionate, objective thinking of the philosopher, rendered more exact by the use, wherever possible, of the experimental method of science. They thus incidentally raise the doubt whether

western man, in relying on that one approach to reality, has not developed his intellect at the expense of the rest of himself, in somewhat the same way as a convict in a treadmill develops his leg muscles to the detriment of his general health. To some, their view will seem only a form of irrationalism. Yet it does, at any rate, offer a diagnosis of the spiritual ailment of western man. It is one of the symptoms of the latter that he is able to discover atomic energy but is not at all confident of his ability to use it aright. But we are not so much concerned with the truth of this kind of outlook as with the reaction of contemporary German theology toward it. It is obvious that this kind of philosophy is nearer the Christian position than, say, the materialism which was sometimes erected on the basis of nineteenth-century science. Its very nearness can be embarrassing. As Bultmann says, when accused of seeing the Gospel through the eyes of Heidegger, the question which has to be faced is whether this new philosophy has not superseded theology.

I have mentioned Bultmann, and his essay, *Neues Testament und Mythologie*, which initiated the lively *Entmythologisierung* controversy, is a landmark in the relations between Christian theology and existentialism. It is true that ostensibly the thesis of the essay is simply that within the New Testament a distinction must be drawn between the essential Christian message, as true today as ever, and the mythology of the first century, which is not in itself specifically Christian and which science has made it impossible for the man of today to accept. It is also true that Bultmann distinguishes his position from that of the liberal theology of fifty years ago in two important respects. In the first place, he maintains that Christianity is an event, something which God has done for us in Christ and not just a set of timeless moral truths. Secondly, he maintains that the mythology of the New Testament must be interpreted and not just eliminated. But the significant thing is that the key to his treatment, both of the action of God in Christ, and of the mythology, seems to be found in something which he takes over from Heidegger: that man's openness to himself is one of the factors which make him what he is; it is integral to his being. Here is the tool which, Bultmann thinks, makes it possible for us to get on with the de-mythologising of the New Testament. Once we interpret the mythology of the New Testament not as primitive science, but as man's way of understanding his own existence, we get at the real truth behind it.

## Love instead of Enmity

Even more important is the application of this category to what God has done in Christ. It enables Bultmann to hold that if, as a result of Christ, we are able to understand our existence differently, then He has effected a real change in us. And this is how Bultmann does interpret what God has done for us in Christ. Without Christ man is constrained to think of his existence as at the mercy of forces indifferent and hostile to him and to seek a purely illusory security in the things of this world. As a result of Christ he can think of his life in quite different terms and can go forward in the confidence 'that what is invisible, unknown, beyond his control meets him as love . . . and means for him not death but life'.

It would be improper for me to comment on the New Testament interpretation of so great an exegete as Bultmann. And it would be unfair not to point out that Bultmann considers that his view conflicts with that of Heidegger at two decisive points. First, his view of sin as a fallen state from which man cannot free himself by his own decision, and secondly, his view of the consequent need for and actuality of deliverance by God in Christ, are incompatible with the existentialist position. Yet the resemblances between his position and that of the philosophers I have mentioned are so striking as to lead one to conclude that here there is something like a synthesis between Christian theology and existentialism. Thus, there is Bultmann's insistence that St. Paul's real view of the spirit is to be found in passages such as 'If we live in the spirit, let us walk in the spirit' where the imperative accompanies the indicative and not in such a



passage as 1 Corinthians, chapter 15, verse 44, where the spirit is spoken of as a sort of supernatural material. Such a view at least reminds one of Kierkegaard's emphasis on decision and Heidegger's insistence that the categories of *Dasein* must not be confused with those of *Vorhandenheit* and hence that the spirit must not be thought of as a quasi-physical entity. Again, when Barth criticises Bultmann on the ground that, on such a view, the real event of Easter is not the risen Christ but simply the rise of faith in the disciples, one feels that the element in Bultmann which exposes him to such a criticism is that for him, the Resurrection as an objective historical event does not count for very much. He considers that a real Resurrection faith must be *geschichtlich*, a personal meeting with Christ, and not *historisch*, the objective approach of the historian toward an event in the past. There seems to be behind this something like Buber's distinction between the I-thou and the I-it relationships and in addition the assumption that if the Resurrection is an objective event in space and time, the latter and inadequate relation is the only one we can have toward it.

### A Recurring Theme

Barth does not accept Bultmann's synthesis of Christian theology and existentialism. That such a verdict was inevitable can be seen from Barth's comments on Schleiermacher's not dissimilar attempt to effect a reconciliation between Christianity and the Romantic philosophy of his day. Highly appreciative though he is of Schleiermacher, Barth none the less insists that in so far as he adopted the standpoint of the apologist, he forsook that of the theologian. Barth's apparent praise of Schleiermacher when he says that his relation to Christianity is like that of a virtuoso to the subject-matter of which he is a master, is not really praise. It is because he is a master of his subject that Schleiermacher is able to draw from it those elements in it which are most acceptable or least offensive to the thought of his time. But Barth contends that a theologian is in right relation to his subject, not when he is a master of it, but when it has mastered him. This constraint laid upon the theologian is a recurring theme in Barth's work. In an early criticism of liberal theologians he accuses them of measuring the Church's proclamation by standards drawn from philosophy, ethics and politics; he goes on to maintain that it is not only the alien origin of such criteria, but the very fact that choice is made, which is enough to show the fundamental wrongness of such an approach to theology. The basic rule of Christian dogmatics, he says in a later volume, is that any constituent part of it is only to be accepted when it is imposed on the hearing and teaching Church by the attestation of the Word of God in Scripture.

This stress on obedience as a cardinal theological virtue links up with two other elements in Barth's teaching. The first is his attitude to the tradition of the Church. The Church which sets up its own tradition as authoritative is apt to forget that it is under God. We may not agree with Barth here, but in fairness to him we must remember that it is because he wants the voice of the Apostles to be authoritative in the Church that he sets the Bible above tradition. And the emphasis on obedience accounts for another element in Barth's teaching which has come in for a certain amount of acute criticism in this country. I mean his separation between truth and revelation. Why Barth does not like a revelation in the form of propositions is that it is a revelation toward which we could take up a neutral attitude, the attitude which we take up toward a statement when we neither accept nor reject it but simply note it. What he contends—and he would maintain that his position here owes nothing to existentialist philosophy—is that revelation always summons us to decision, to the decision, namely, whether we are going to obey it or not.

If Barth cannot adopt the attitude of Bultmann towards existentialism, what line does he take? A certain piquancy is added to the situation by the fact that Barth's colleague at Basel is Karl Jaspers. Perhaps no university in the world has had two such illustrious figures occupying the chairs of theology and philosophy simultaneously since the time when Schleiermacher and Hegel served together in the University of Berlin. Yet, at first sight, the standpoints of the two men can only seem utterly opposed. For Barth every doctrine is seen in the light of Christ. He breaks with Calvin as soon as the latter's doctrine of predestination is seen to be founded on a hidden decree of God apart from Christ. He refuses to erect his doctrine of the state on natural law or on the God who is revealed to us in creation and providence, and insists that it must be founded on the God who is revealed to us in Jesus Christ. His anthropology is based, he says, on Christo-

logy. One has sometimes the feeling that, by so doing, Barth overloads his Christology and raises problems which cry out for solution. His interpretation even of the doctrine of reprobation in terms of Christ, for instance, means that he lays himself open to all the objections which McLeod Campbell urged against any view which held that Christ was exposed to the wrath of God. But there is something impressive about a theology so many-sided and so Christocentric.

The thought of Jaspers, on the other hand, however sympathetic toward religion it may be, is anything but Christocentric. For him the true turning point in the world's history is not the birth of Christ but the period 800-300 B.C. It is that period, when man, for the first time, simultaneously and independently in China, India and the west, learned to stand outside the traditional pattern of his life and to question whether it was the best pattern for him, that Jaspers calls the Axial Era. In it, for the first time, man attained at once to uncertainty about himself and to an intoxicating vision of his own possibilities. It, not the Birth of Christ, is the great turning point. Furthermore, the element in the religious attitude which Jaspers singles out for repeated criticism—namely, its claim to the possession of an exclusive truth—is one which for the Christian, at any rate, is bound up with his relation to Christ. It is because we believe that God became incarnate in Christ as nowhere else, that some trace of exclusiveness, in some form or another, must cling to our outlook.

Yet however opposed Barth and Jaspers may be in outlook, in the writings of both one can detect a realisation at once of the tremendous 400-year upsurge of European vitality and of the cessation of that upsurge in our own lifetime. For Jaspers, Europe is unique in that here alone has the Axial Era led ultimately to the scientific and technical movement which in turn has now brought about a new age, which is on the point of beginning and for which Jaspers can find no parallel save in the Promethean Era of the discovery of fire. In seeking to find reasons for this uniqueness of Europe, Jaspers is led to conclude that one reason why modern science arose here and nowhere else is that the religion of the Bible had already made the peninsula its adopted home. To those who have read Jaspers' grounds for maintaining this, his comparison of the doctrine of creation of all things by God with the interest of the scientist in everything, an interest which refuses to call anything unclean, and his other comparison of the scientific hypothesis subjected always to the empirical data with the Divine *Logos*, not resting in its own perfection but going out to the *Alogos* and becoming subject to it, make it clear that here is one who is by no means blind to the distinctive features of the Christian religion.

### Three Choices

That this concern for the European situation provides a meeting ground for the thought of Jaspers and Barth can also be seen from one of the latter's criticisms of the former. Jaspers claims that in the boundary situations of suffering, guilt and death, man is faced with the ultimate decision between defiance and surrender, and through the choice of the latter can find transcendence and thus an answer—though not one which can be stated objectively—to the riddle of his being. To that Barth replies that there is a third alternative, lassitude or indifference, and that the plight of European man today is not unconnected with the fact that in these boundary situations he, unlike American or Russian man, is choosing that third alternative.

It would be foolish to minimise the difference between Barth and Jaspers. The transcendence of the former bridges a Fall and presupposes a revelation unknown to the latter. Yet in both of them is something of an element which for Jaspers has gone to make Europe great: what he calls the polarities, between Catholic and Protestant, humanist and Christian, church and state. As Jaspers points out, it has been impossible to accept any one of these alternatives without being mentally stretched by having to defend it over against its opposite. It is because he does not wish these fruitful tensions lost that he combats the religious claim to exclusive truth. Yet can we not say that such polarities exist within Christianity itself? The tension between prophet and priest, between the Synoptic Gospels and the fourth Gospel, between the Epistles of St. Paul and the Epistle of St. James have been there from the beginning. And those who know Barth not just as the theologian of transcendence, but also as the lover of Mozart, the appreciator of Schleiermacher, the man who could sum up his message to an audience behind the Iron Curtain in words of Kant, 'Have the courage to use your own understanding', must feel that in him, as in Jaspers, these fruitful tensions exist.

—Third Programme



## Framework of the Future

## New Patterns in Art and Society

By JOHN SUMMERSON

THE most practical way of beginning to talk about art in any period, remote or recent, is to ask the question, 'Who paid, who pays for it?' Or, to put the question in a grander way, 'Who was, or is, the patron?' Who was the patron in 1851? Obviously, the rich man. The rich man, very often, with philanthropic motives—for the question of art and society and the obligations of the one to the other had already raised its head—but still the private individual of massive wealth, inherited or acquired. The artist looked to the rich for his means of employment. There was nowhere else for him to look.

## The Rich Man Leaves the Picture

And in 1951? The rich man is no longer in the picture; and it is constantly said that the artist is in great trouble now because he has no patron—that as a result he, the poet, painter, sculptor, composer, is working against odds. Unless he is one of the fortunate few who become sensationally famous he cannot make a living, but must teach or write about his art instead of producing it. In all that, there is a certain amount of truth, but it does not represent anything like the whole picture either of art or of patronage today.

What and who are the patrons of art, now in 1951? To answer that I am going to take two typical characters whom you will recognise inevitably, I suppose, as Mr. Highbrow and Mr. Lowbrow. But as I am not interested in those expressions and I want to override the distinction they imply I shall call them plain A and B. A is more obviously a patron than B. He is a man who walks into a picture gallery and buys a painting by a modern artist. B is a man who pays for admission to a cinema. Take B's first case; it is the simpler. B has certain very clear and obvious needs. He wants to be entertained, to have his attention held, to be thrilled, to be made to laugh, to be moved. Those needs are the essence of artistic necessity, a necessity, universally shared, to escape from the chaos of silly day-dreams and nagging compulsions which we all carry about with us, and to be decoyed into the pattern of a story, so constructed and presented that it commands the whole attention, straightens out this chaos.

To bring harmony out of confusion, to exorcise chaos, is not a bad general description of the function of art in society and the function is exercised in many ways at many different levels. B is a 'patron' of art to the extent that he accepts one sort of film, rejects another. He is a patron of other things besides, which involve artistic effort. He probably reads a certain amount of fiction, notably detective novels. He listens also to broadcast plays and features. All the time, he is participating in the role of patron—by reading or not reading, listening or not listening. His needs being simple and direct, he is fairly easily satisfied. Nevertheless, by exercising choice, he is helping to create standards, of a sort.

What about A whom we left in a picture gallery, buying a picture by a modern painter? I am not supposing A to be a rich man. He is probably richer than B—though not necessarily. He may have had more of an education, or made a more personal use of education by forming a lively mental picture of his own of what the world is like and of what it has been like in the past. Above all, I think, what it has been like. For the chief difference between A and B when they come to look at any work of art is that A brings a certain authority to the matter, derived from an acquaintance, superficial perhaps, but definitely felt, with the art of the past. B brings only his own direct experience of life. That is almost always enough for a film. But it is very rarely enough for a painting. Here is an important distinction in art patronage to which I shall return in a moment.

First, however, it is necessary to observe that, whereas B never looks much at modern painting and, when he does, finds it obscure and, for him, of little or no significance, A does, quite readily, share the kind of entertainment patronised by B. He will have laughed as helplessly, a few years back, at the grotesque, but astoundingly inventive, episodes of 'Itma'; he is perhaps an addict of detective fiction; and he will meet B at least half-way in his taste in films. There is a whole field of

appreciation which A and B have in common. In other words, there are certain kinds of creative work today which enjoy the patronage of that inarticulate but not unintelligent, that lumpish but not indifferent, that colossal and immensely rich patron—the Public.

That, you may say, is altogether too obvious, but all this is general entertainment, and of a pretty low kind. And, you will add, there has, of course, always been 'popular' art—the art of the buffoon, the ballad-monger, the story-teller. Yes, indeed. But what has happened is that with the coming of universal literacy, the movie camera, the radio, it has become possible to exploit the popular craving for popular entertainment—to mass-produce it and centralise its production. The production and distribution of popular entertainment now is a large engineering and industrial undertaking. It is, moreover, an undertaking carrying with it a high participation in the role of patronage. This is something peculiar to our century, something of incalculable artistic consequence which has set the whole question of art and society in a new perspective. It is, in effect, a new culture co-existing with the old.

And now back to A and those artistic interests of his which are super-added to his participation in the kind of things enjoyed by B. I have already suggested that A approaches painting in a way rather different from the way in which either he or B approaches a film, a Home or Light radio feature, or a detective story. The fact is that for painting and sculpture, for poetry, for architecture, for most music, the common run of day-to-day experiences of life is not enough. The reason is this. These arts are the primary arts; they are relatively pure; they are (except for music) static, they are arts of contemplation. Moreover, they are arts with a long, formidable and overshadowing ancestry. They are practised now, not because there is a widespread demand for them but because history has left them to us. They are the living bequest of the past, a bequest whose continuation and recreation is, to a relatively small element in society, an irresistible obligation.

## Development of the Sense of History

Therefore the appreciation of these arts, though it may begin with a reaction purely aesthetic, can only be promoted and maintained by a development of the sense of history. I do not believe, for instance, that the appreciation of any of the modern arts can be conveyed in any way except by the teaching of the history of art. I would go further than that and say that culture today—culture in the traditional and restricted sense—is essentially and basically a cult of history. And the curious thing is—or perhaps, in the light of that statement, it is not curious—that those manifestations of painting, poetry, architecture and music which are most firmly labelled 'modern', 'contemporary', 'of the twentieth century' or 'of our time' are precisely those which are least easily apprehended without some acquaintance with a considerable part of the tradition from which they derive, and against which they at first sight appear to revolt. That is why my Mr. B, for instance, registers complete apathy when he is confronted by anything called 'modern art', whether in painting, poetry, music or—the most significant case, because the most constantly under his notice—architecture.

So we have this problem of two co-existent cultures—one represented by cinema and radio entertainment and certain kinds of writing, accessible to all on the easy terms of everyday experience; the other represented by the ancient, fundamental practices of the poet, painter, sculptor, composer and architect, somehow remote, only approachable across a barrier which requires some special experience and a decisive intellectual effort. The question for the future is to what extent these two cultures can and will become integrated. Personally, I see no sign that they will, nor can I see that any great benefit would necessarily be conferred on society if they were. Because these primary arts—arts of the study and the studio—have, at certain periods in the past, been of conspicuous social importance there is no need to presume either that they will or should participate conspicuously in the social framework of our own time. It is clear, surely, that the kinds of art which are the characteristic art of today are those which exact narrative, drama, humour, wit, pathos, out of the material of ordinary



life, arts which are dynamic rather than static, arts, moreover, which are acceptable on the level of entertainment, however high above that level they may occasionally rise.

But—and here is a vital reservation—the importance of the primary arts remains. They may be ‘back-room’ arts, they may be relatively unattractive to the majority, but they are vital to the healthy life, the mental balance, of society. They constitute a small supersensitive area constantly at work establishing a living relationship with the past and, in that same act, exploring the frontier between present and future. Moreover, they can be, and, I think, are really becoming, the means of heightening and vitalising those arts whose justification is in their immediate appeal to the mass of people. Now, there is the great consideration for the present day; a consideration which overrides the ‘popularisation’ of painting, poetry or music. ‘Popularisation’ of the arts is a slightly sentimental proposition. The extension of knowledge about the arts, to the limit to which there is any desire for such knowledge—yes. That I take to be the function, on the one hand of museums, and picture galleries, whose business is to keep the sources of traditional knowledge pure and available to all on demand; and, on the other, of the Arts Council, that great experiment in grafting on society itself the initiative which, in the past, the art-patron has exercised.

The clear, real objective, surely is this: to maintain a perpetual relay of influences through all those minds which are in any way con-

cerned with what is or may become art, from the mind of the poet whose readers would scarcely fill a couple of parish halls to the mind of the script-writer whose features go out to millions—from the abstract painter whose works are bought almost exclusively by other artists to the man who designs traffic signs or posters, electric razors or trolley-buses. It is in this way that the two cultures which I mentioned just now may become, and are in fact becoming, not, indeed, integrated into one, but mutually necessary, mutually invigorating.

This is the kind of relationship between art and society at which we seem to have arrived today. In 1851, wealth, concentrated in one class of the community, at the apex of the social pyramid, arrogated patronage to itself, playing the part which aristocratic wealth had played in the previous century, but playing it with increasing ineptitude and a puzzled conscience. The old pyramid of taste and patronage broadening down from the few at the top to the many below and losing quality in the descent is now an inapplicable image. The image of today is not the pyramid but the circle—or, to avoid so ideal an over-simplification, the circuit: an irregular, fluctuating chain of influences passing to and fro, extending patronage to the less conspicuous arts, communicating their vitality to those which enjoy the patronage of millions. Such, I submit, is the pattern of art in society which is forming today—a pattern no less capable of greatness than any which have preceded it.—*Home Service*

## The 'Twenties—VI

# The ‘Private Heaven’ of the ‘Twenties

By G. H. BANTOCK

**W**HEN he was in Egypt during the 1914 war, Mr. E. M. Forster sprained an ankle. While he was laid up, he read, among other works, the early poems of Mr. T. S. Eliot. Mr. Forster liked the poems—and in an essay published some ten years later, he tells us why:

The poems were not epicurean; still, they were innocent of public spiritiness; they sang of private disgust and diffidence and of people who seemed genuine because they were unattractive or weak . . . Here was a protest and a feeble one, and the more congenial for being feeble. For what, in that world of gigantic horror, was tolerable except the slighter gestures of dissent? . . . he who could turn aside to complain of ladies and drawing rooms preserved a tiny drop of our self-respect, he carried on the human heritage.

This does not tell us much about Mr. Eliot, but it tells us quite a lot about Mr. Forster; and, in telling us about Mr. Forster, it reveals something of what intelligent post-war sentiment was to be like. Once more, after the gigantic horrors, there was to be a care for the individual response in the small social circle; wider public-spiritiness could go hang. Mr. Forster, indeed, has always preferred his friend to his country; hence his *Passage to India*, where the personal could be shown to be more important than the public, and the fully developed heart than the posturings of empire. If there is something too relaxed detectable in the urge towards weakness and feebleness, it served to protest against years of over-strenuousness and mass hysteria. The ‘twenties decided that the private world must count again.

It was in the interests of the private world that the best-known writers of the pre-war years—Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy—were accused, not without some justification, of being materialists: they were guilty, it appeared, of making the ‘trivial and the transitory appear the true and the enduring’—or so, at least, thought Virginia Woolf. Life, she decided, no longer had the solidity that these writers would offer it; it was not, to quote her article on ‘Modern Fiction’, a ‘series of gig-lamps symmetrically arranged’, but ‘a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end’. The myriad impressions that the mind received every day were to be recorded as they fell, in however disconnected or incoherent a pattern. For ‘let us not take it for granted that life exists more fully in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small’.

The intellectuals of the post-war world, then, were profoundly interested in the states of their own minds. Their values were aesthetic rather than moral or ethical. Mr. Clive Bell, in defining what he understood by civilisation, declared that ‘Works of art being direct means

to aesthetic ecstasy are direct means to good’. For him, the potential value of a work of art lay in the fact that it could ‘at any moment become a means to a state of mind of superlative excellence’. These states of mind were ends in themselves; to enquire after use or utility was the mark of the philistine. The aim of every civilised man was ‘the richest and fullest life obtainable, a life which contains the maximum of vivid and exquisite experiences’. Civilised man desired ‘complete self-development and complete self-expression’.

All this doctrine of self, this emphasis on the private state of the mind, was but an echo of a philosophy that had been formulated at Cambridge in the early years of the century. Noel Annan pointed out, in the first broadcast of this series\*, the importance of Moore’s *Principia Ethica*. Under its influence a group of brilliant young men had set out a philosophy of life and conduct which in after years, when they had all moved to Bloomsbury, was to form a dominating motif in the nineteen-twenties. Maynard Keynes described the fundamentals of the faith, and his exposition has been published posthumously. His description so exactly defines the spirit informing the outlook of the writers already mentioned that it is worth recalling:

Nothing mattered [Keynes tells us] except states of mind, our own and other people’s, of course, but chiefly our own. These states of mind were not associated with action or with achievement or with consequences. They consisted in timeless, passionate states of communion, largely unattached to ‘before’ or ‘after’. Social action as an end in itself and not merely as a lugubrious duty . . . dropped out of our Ideal, and not only social action, but the life of action generally, power, politics, successes, wealth, ambition, with the economic motive and the economic criterion.

How well this fitted in with a generation that had seen all too much of power and politics and social action. A few of the progenitors may have grown somewhat beyond the theory—but by no means all. And so what had originally been directed against the Fabian spirit became part of the mental protest of a whole generation. The emphasis on immediate feeling and pure experience as the only realities obviated the search for agreed objective moral values. Values based on anything but the beholder’s purely personal state of mind are essentially the products of continuity and tradition; and continuity and tradition had been finally broken. The danger always is that values, once generally accepted, will harden into conventions; and conventions, according to Mr. Clive Bell, were ‘limitations on thought, feeling and action’ and ‘the enemies of originality and character, hateful, therefore, to men richly endowed with either’. Hence the aptness of a philosophy which, to return once more to Keynes, ‘recognised no moral



obligation . . . no inner sanction to conform or to obey'. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to be assured that with this went 'supreme self-confidence, superiority and contempt towards the rest of the unconverted world'.

### No Taboos

Arnold's philistine was still the bogey. 'The life of a first-rate English man or woman', urged Mr. Bell, 'is one long assertion of his or her personality in the face of unsympathetic or actively hostile circumstances'. Rebelliousness always involves the assertion of the ego; at the same time it usually has an object beyond mere assertion. When external purpose is lacking, what might be termed total rebellion can become as childish as total acceptance. The danger was not always avoided. At the same time, despite the distaste for the philistine, there was breathed abroad a large spirit of tolerance. 'There must be no taboos, no closed subject', asserted Mr. Clive Bell. Everything in fact was to be tolerated, except intolerance; for intolerance was often the product of a sense of sin, and a sense of sin, he shuddered, was 'nothing more than a remnant of barbarism, which would yield to treatment'.

Such superstitions, indeed, robbed life of 'half its glory and a good part of its fun'. The intellect was to be free to handle what it chose, not only in earnest but in fun too—in fact, chiefly in fun. Did not Virginia Woolf take to task Logan Pearsall Smith when he objected to intellectual writers making contributions to fashionable magazines, and, as he put it, 'preaching to the butterflies'; so that between 'articles on Cosmetics, and advertisements of Exclusive Underwear' there were to be found 'little snippets of butterfly-dishes of Art and Culture'. It was people like him, she said, 'respectabilities and solemnities and humbugs who were the enemies of unfettered thought in England'; such people 'deliberately did their best to stifle all freedom, all rebellion, all ribaldry, in the English press'.

The unfettered and rebellious intellect, then, seeking ecstasies of experience and unfettered by traditional moral scruples, was the version of the good life offered by Bloomsbury in the 'twenties. Freud's influence pervades the period as surely as that of Marx did the 'thirties; and popular misunderstandings of Freud provided arguments against repression. The rather less attractive features of the eighteenth century found favour—a sceptical raillery, a too pervasive irony, without the moral concern that makes the eighteenth century bearable. The Victorians, of course, were out—right out. The self-regarding mind freed itself from locality and background, which might have carried a hint of continuity and obligation. It is, indeed, interesting to note how rootless are most of the characters in the novels of the period. The writer tends to be interested only in the purely mental states of his creations. These creations were mostly fortuitous collections of individuals held together by the ironic view of their creator, in the manner popularised by Huxley. Such characters owed allegiance to no tradition or mode of existence other than what the unattached intellect could make for them out of the cosmopolitan urban scene. The novel of social origins belongs to the 'thirties.

Hence there was an immense impetus given to the desire for self-display. It manifested itself in the intimate autobiography—where no one need complain that the little things are left out at the expense of the big—and the all-too-frequent exploitation of the Hamlet theme in first novels. The danger is, of course, that the personal too easily degenerates into the egotistical; and where there is no silent but accepted censorship that will check the indiscretion in the interests of public taste, the impetus towards self-display becomes irresistible. Egocentricity of this type, unchecked by any form of self-transcendence in the interests of either religious or social truths, merely leads to a new unreality, a new type of distortion of life. There comes to be a certain monotony that is discernible in the tone of the Bloomsbury writings; for even self-contemplation must obtain its picture of the self from somewhere; and where could it get it but from its immediate associates? The atmosphere, therefore, became a trifle incestuous. Intellectuals which all too loudly proclaim their complete freedom from prejudice, convention—call it what you will—in the end come to accept the most boring of all conventions . . . the convention of unconventionality; for the mind which asserts its own autonomy accepts the deadliest of tyrannies—itsself.

Something of the dangers of a group of highly self-conscious and socially irresponsible people living in close self-satisfied community might be guessed. And indeed, there were those who protested against Mr. Bell's notion that 'to appreciate a work of art we need bring with us nothing from life, no knowledge of its ideas and affairs, no

familiarity with its emotions'. For Dr. I. A. Richards found that 'this view of the arts as providing a private heaven for aesthetes is a great impediment to the investigation of their value'. But the effects of the *Principles of Literary Criticism* and of the still more famous *Practical Criticism* were felt in the next decade. Nevertheless there was a witness who knew the circle intimately and whose analysis of its ethos, because of his differing standpoint, is valuable. L. H. Myers, to whom I am referring, betrays the characteristic bent of his mind when, in the preface to *The Root and the Flower*, he takes Proust to task for 'treating all sorts of sensibility as equal in importance, and all manifestations of character as standing on the same plane of significance'. Experience, for Myers, only took on meaning when it was measured against extra-human, transcendental standards. Hence his concern for what he terms the 'ordinary ethical and philosophical preoccupations of humanity'; and hence his distaste for what he regarded as the petty aestheticism of his contemporaries.

*The Root and the Flower*, though not published in its entirety until 1935, was conceived and largely written in the late 'twenties. In the middle section of the trilogy, the section devoted to the education of the young Prince Jali, we encounter a group of self-appointed devotees of the arts, a group which surrounds the person of Prince Daniyal, younger son of the Emperor Akbar. They inhabit an island camp, called the Pleasance of the Arts. There is no doubt but that in his analysis of the spirit of the camp Myers is hitting at the intellectuals of Bloomsbury, with their Mayfair affiliations: his ironic intent becomes obvious as his description develops:

Here [that is, at the camp, Myers writes] you might come across people of every variety—except one, the commonplace. Dull conventional people—people who weren't lit by the divine spark, had no chance of gaining admission here. Originality of mind, intellectual merit, poetic fire, these alone counted.

For indeed, according to the inhabitants of the camp, 'How necessary was revolt, revolt against old-established prejudices, dull custom, and above all, the bullying, nagging disposition of nature. In artificiality the spirit found its true life'. The artificiality was indeed the creation of a self-satisfied and tasteless pretentiousness. Jali comes to understand that, at the camp,

thinking for oneself consisted in nothing more than in reversing established opinions, that the newest thing was necessarily superior to one that came before: . . . the camp had its own inverted orthodoxy, and was as bigoted as any of the old schools; opinions changed often, but always unanimously; they changed, as fashions change, on the stroke of the bell.

The personal behaviour of Daniyal is shown in an unattractive light. His mockery of famous characters in religious history merely serves to show an unfortunate 'disproportion between the satirist and his victims'. When we really come to understand the atmosphere of the camp we find that snobbery, jealousy and mutual backbiting are rife; the talk merely aims to display the personalities of the speakers—there is no concern for the objective truth of what is said. In such a world personal relationships, the true worth of individuals, were forgotten.

### Self-Approval

Some of this criticism must be offset because of the dramatic needs of a novel; nevertheless Myers knew the circle he was talking about too well, and was too conscious of his aim, for his criticism to be wholly dismissed. The deliberate philosophy of the Bloomsbury writers, combined with the self-conscious emancipation of the times, laid them open to just those failings which Myers savagely describes. Even in the best work of the period—and the best work is very good—there is a semi-conscious air of self-approval that comes out in a tone that seems to say, 'Of course, dear reader, you and I are the intelligentsia'. The urbanity is sometimes too bland to be quite genuine. True urbanity derives from an assuredness of common tastes shared in a civilisation whose bases are firm and sure. The writers of the 'twenties were too little at the centre of things, too isolated and cut off from the broader life of the nation, to carry with them any true certainty of worth. Hence their assumption of civilisation becomes a little strident, a little too self-conscious, and even their frivolity a trifle forced. Moral passion, public-spiritness can be ugly things; but their absence does not necessarily lead to a superior virtue. If there was a lesson, it was that the private heaven was not enough.—*Third Programme*

Mr. Stephen Toulmin's third talk on 'Contemporary Scientific Mythology' will be published next week.



# NEWS DIARY

March 7-13

## Wednesday, March 7

The Deputies of the four Foreign Ministers discuss the question of putting the Austrian treaty on the agenda

The Prime Minister of Persia is assassinated in Teheran

United Nations troops gain five miles in a general assault on a forty-mile front

## Thursday, March 8

The Commons discuss the Army Estimates

Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet representative at Paris, submits an amendment to his original proposals for an agenda for four-power conference

Complaints by railway users published in report of the Central Transport Consultative Committee

## Friday, March 9

It is announced that Mr. Herbert Morrison is to succeed Mr. Ernest Bevin as Foreign Secretary; Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, to be the Leader of the House of Commons

United Nations forces repulse counter-attacks in central Korea

The Prime Minister of Pakistan states that a plot has been discovered to undermine the loyalty of the country's armed forces

## Saturday, March 10

Deputies of the four Foreign Ministers in Paris hear new proposal by Western Powers for conference agenda

The Prime Minister pays a tribute to Mr. Bevin's work at the Foreign Office in a speech in Worcestershire

The Primate of Czechoslovakia is ordered to leave his diocese

## Sunday, March 11

United Nations forces in Korea continue their advance

The Shah of Persia appoints Hussein Ala, a former Persian Ambassador in Washington, as Prime Minister

Marshal Tito discusses future of Trieste and relations with Russia in a speech at Belgrade

## Monday, March 12

Mr. Gromyko rejects Western Powers' amendment to their own draft agenda for four-power conference

Commons debate naval estimates

General strike takes place in Barcelona in defiance of Government

## Tuesday, March 13

Informal Anglo-Italian talks open in London

General Eisenhower appoints Colonel Biddle Deputy Chief of Staff for National Affairs

The Foreign Ministers' Deputies hold eighth meeting in Paris to discuss agenda



Mr. Ernest Bevin, whose resignation as Foreign Secretary, owing to ill-health, was announced on March 9 (Mr. Bevin's seventieth birthday on which this photograph was taken). He is succeeded by Mr. Herbert Morrison (above right). Mr. Bevin has been appointed Lord Privy Seal in place of Lord Addison, who takes over Mr. Morrison's former post of Lord President of the Council



General Ali Razmara, Prime Minister of Persia, who was assassinated on March 7 in Teheran. He is succeeded by Hussein Ala, former Persian Ambassador in Washington



Right: the first Asian Games were held in Delhi last week. Some of the 500 athletes from the eleven countries which took part are seen lined up in the newly-built stadium at the opening ceremony on March 4. A relay of runners carried a symbolic torch over an eleven-mile route from the historic Red Fort to the stadium

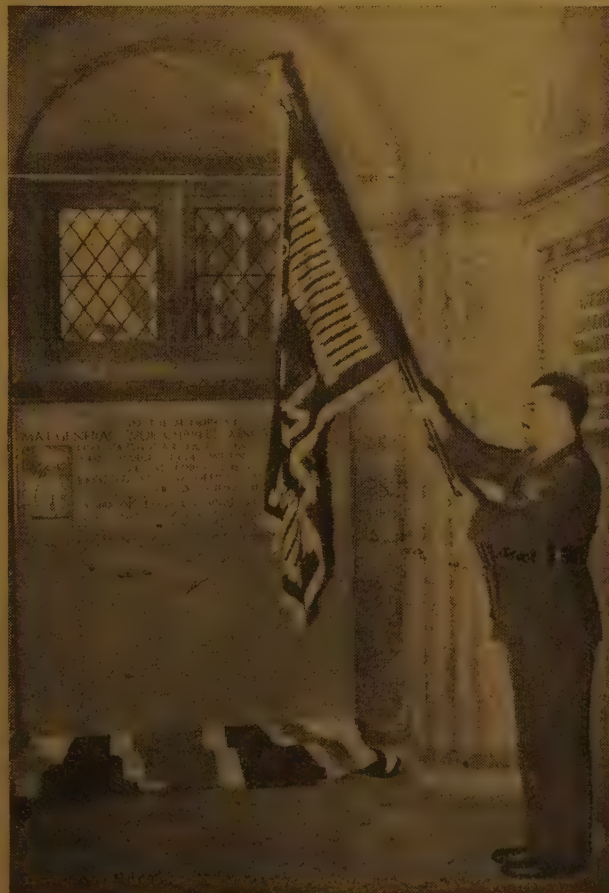




*Signor de Gasperi, the Italian Prime Minister (centre), and Count Sforza, his Foreign Minister (right) being greeted by Duke Gallarati Scotti, the Italian Ambassador, when they arrived at Victoria Station on Monday night for a three-day visit to London for discussions with the British Government*



*Left: in the Victoria and Albert Museum a further seventeen galleries (covering Gothic and Renaissance art) have been rearranged and are now open to the public. This rearrangement, by which the masterpieces of the museum from Early Christian to Regency times are being presented in a consecutive series by style and period instead of by the old method of material or class of object, is now nearly complete. The photograph is taken looking through from one of the galleries devoted to the Italian Renaissance*



*United States marines crossing a bomb-damaged bridge in Central Korea. On March 12 the communists were reported to be withdrawing on all fronts*



*Crocuses in bloom in the Victoria Embankment Gardens which are being specially laid out in preparation for the Festival of Britain. In the background is Cleopatra's Needle*

*Left: a plaque in memory of the late Major-General Orde Charles Wingate, leader of the Chindit force in Burma, was unveiled on Sunday in Charterhouse War Memorial chapel by Vice-Admiral Lord Mountbatten. Major-General Wingate was an old Carthusian. In the photograph, Captain Blackburne, a Chindit, stands by the plaque with the Chindit colours after the ceremony*



## Party Political Broadcast

## Why the Liberal Party Fights On

By the Rt. Hon. LORD SAMUEL, Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords

PEOPLE'S minds are turning more and more to the next general election. Some ask why the Liberals should intervene at all. They say to us: 'You have no chance of forming a Government in the next Parliament: why don't those of you who incline to the right vote Conservative, and those to the left vote Labour, and let the simple issue for or against socialism be fought out on the old two-party lines to which we have always been accustomed?' Others go further: they ask why, in the present grave world situation, the country does not put aside the party system. Why do not the best men of all parties come together, and form a national government, as during the war? I will offer answers to both those questions, and I will take the second one first, as it is the more fundamental.

The idea of 'none for party and all for the state' makes a strong appeal. But one question is never answered. Is it consistent with democracy, with the control of the people over the government of the land? There are a great many questions before the country besides those of foreign affairs and defence on which there is no general agreement. Are they all to be left undecided, perhaps for years? At by-elections is only one candidate to stand, simply as a supporter of the joint government, as was done by agreement during the war? Also, at a general election whenever it comes? Then the voters would lose their right of choice. That is, in effect, the Nazi and communist plan, single party elections, totalitarianism. As Goebbels said to the German people: 'You may vote Yes—or Yes!' When the country is at war, or in imminent peril, it may consent so to take away the citizen's right freely to choose his representative in Parliament, but only then, and for no longer than is essential.

I turn to the first question. The reason why Liberals will not agree that the voters should be left with a choice only between a socialist majority and a Tory majority in the House of Commons, possibly for five years, is because we firmly believe that the country as a whole, the mind of the nation, does not want either the one or the other.

Socialism means—it is the socialists' own description—the public ownership of our main industries, and of important parts of the wholesale and retail trades, and of commerce and finance, through nationalising the banks, and in other ways. The country, we believe, does not want that: it is already deeply concerned at the grave defects in the working of the industries already nationalised, causing much discontent and great losses to the taxpayer or consumer; angry also at the disastrous mistakes in bulk buying and bulk production by the state. Meat is one example among many. Groundnuts is another. And socialism aims gradually at making monopoly universal. This in the end destroys freedom. When the socialist system is fully applied, as in Russia, we see this clearly enough. A Welfare State by all means, but a Monopoly State can never be a Welfare State; for it means the loss of liberty, and liberty is of the essence of welfare. That is the chief reason—there are others as well—why Liberals cannot retire from the scene, and leave it to the socialists to carry on the task of political and social reform.

As to the other alternative. We believe that the country as a whole—working classes, em-

ployers, the well-to-do all together—is anxious as to what would be the consequence of putting the Conservatives into power for another five years. It remembers very well the Governments of Mr Baldwin and Mr Neville Chamberlain between the wars, inactive, lethargic, drifting. It is not so much that people fear a Conservative government will do wrong things: they fear it will fail to do the right things, essential things that cannot be neglected without disaster. The spirit that has always characterised the Conservative Party is not the spirit of the highly industrialised, politically conscious, forward-looking people of today.

We say that the nation ought not to be put in the position of having always to choose between these two parties, when it really wants neither: socialists, who are on the wrong path, and Conservatives, often not even started on any path at all. Nor is it true that a choice between two parties has always been the rule in this country, ordained almost by nature. My experience of elections goes back over very nearly sixty years. During much the greater part of that time there were three parties in the House of Commons, sometimes four. For half the time there were the Irish Nationalists, with eighty votes. For a number of years there were the Liberal Unionists, who had followed Joseph Chamberlain against Gladstone. And then there has been the Labour Party. If the Liberals, as a third party, have no right to remain on the scene, what right had the Labour Party to enter it?

Liberals are definitely a party of reform. All the great measures which for a hundred years have helped to raise the standards of life of the people have been Liberal. The establishment of democracy, universal education, Old Age Pensions, National Insurance, Full Employment, the proper planning of the towns and countryside, a system of taxation that will lessen the injustices of our society, all have been initiated, and most have been carried through, by Liberals.

It is absurd to suggest that the task has been done, and done so well that there is nothing now left for Liberals to undertake. The task is never-ending. Each generation, each decade, brings new problems, gives opportunity for further advances. Liberalism is still a fertile field of new ideas. Its programme of today includes a score of measures not possible ten or twenty years ago. We who are old watch with delight the eager young men and women coming to us from the universities, and from everywhere, to take a share in shaping new policies, and in telling them to the people.

Our message is distinctive. We are divided from the Labour Party because of their insistence upon nationalisation, culminating in the Iron and Steel Bill, which was forced upon the statute book without any authority from the nation, in flat defiance of the votes of a large majority at the last general election. We are divided also from the Labour Party because of their frequent indifference to the liberties of the subject. Everyone knows that for many years past governments have constantly encroached upon those liberties. I introduced a Bill in the House of Lords not long ago reciting a number of such cases and providing the remedies. The press and the public welcomed the Bill with cordiality. The Labour Government might well have done the same. Instead, they vigorously opposed the

Bill, and killed it by making it clear that if it were passed in the Lords they would refuse to give it facilities in the Commons.

In the present Parliament, the small Liberal Party is the only section of the House of Commons which is in a position to vote on proposals strictly on their merits. The whole of the Labour Members are bound to support the Government in the lobby, no matter what they may think on the question at issue, in order to maintain it in power. Likewise, all the Conservative Members vote against, for the opposite reason. The Liberals are accused of inconsistency because on one occasion they are found voting against the Government, and on another with it. But the principle of voting for measures when they think them right, and against measures when they think them wrong, has been deliberately adopted. It is not vacillation. It is a course most useful, both to the House of Commons, and as a help in guiding public opinion.

The Liberal Parliamentary Party does not approve of the action now being taken by the Conservative Opposition, of seizing every convenient opportunity, including even questions of foreign policy and defence, to vote against the Government in the hope of upsetting it. It has always been a satisfaction to the British people that, however fierce might be the party battle, when it came to international affairs and national defence, all were willing to subordinate sectional views and to work together. Liberals think that principle is right, and the Parliamentary Party is faithfully maintaining it. Nothing could be better for the nation than that in the next House of Commons, there should be a substantial body of Members, holding no extreme opinions, who should continue to follow precisely that course; viewing each issue on its merits. If there should be a Labour Government, restraining it from inflicting upon the country socialist measures for which it had no sanction. If a Conservative Government, stirring it to action where action is necessary, or resisting any attempt, in obedience to some vested interest, to impair the great structure of social services which has been erected with such effort, and often, be it remembered, in the face of a stolid indifference, or even of vehement opposition.

When the time comes let the electors not be confused. There are, in fact, those three distinctive opinions, the Conservative, the Socialist, the Liberal. The group that has assumed the title of National Liberal is in no way to be distinguished from the Conservatives. It is now close on twenty years since they separated from us. I remember the circumstances well, for I was leading the Liberal Party in the House of Commons at that time. Since then on no occasion of the slightest importance have the National Liberals taken a course that has varied in any degree from that of the Conservative Party. I have frequently asked publicly for a single example to the contrary, and have never received a reply. Indeed, at the last general election, when the most active spokesman of the National Liberals, Lord Teviot, was asked at a meeting what is the difference between the National Liberals and the Conservatives, he answered very frankly and truly: 'I really don't think that there is any'.

Our system of voting makes it often difficult for the voter to do what he wishes to do—that is, to support the candidate he wants to support,



and at the same time to help to put in the kind of government he approves, and keep out the government he disapproves. Our politics will not work satisfactorily until the voting system is reformed. But that cannot in any case be done before the next election, and therefore I have not dwelt upon it here. Handicapped by our methods of voting, disappointed in the results

of a great effort made at the last election, without the support at the polls of millions of voters who declare their approval of Liberalism in principle, but find it necessary to promote other policies in practice, nevertheless, the Liberal Party fights on. It is encouraged when it remembers that it has retained the unshaken allegiance of over 2,500,000 of the voters, pro-

portionate to sixty seats in the House of Commons. It is encouraged also by the keen enthusiasm of tens of thousands of workers in the constituencies, who will not be put down by rebuffs, or disheartened by indifference, for they are sustained by the conviction that their political creed is right, and to serve it a duty.

—Home Service

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Contemporary Scientific Mythology

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Toulmin in his talk published in THE LISTENER of March 8, that we should not worry about the running-down of the universe—for I think we have not enough evidence for it—but I am disturbed by the methods of his argument. Mr. Toulmin suggests that there is a logical impossibility involved in applying the Second Law of Thermodynamics to the universe, and he illustrates this by the impossibility of weighing fire. He ascribes this impossibility to 'the fact that, in our present system of chemical classification, the word "fire" does not figure as the name of a stuff'. But surely, whatever limitations are imposed on the verbal context in which we may use the word 'fire' are derived from our knowledge of fire, and it is therefore wholly circular to derive any knowledge about fire from the way the word 'fire' may be used.

In playing with 'fire' Mr. Toulmin is playing with fire; his linguistic critique, bent on casting out verbalism, lets it in with a vengeance. There are half-a-dozen alternative formulations of the Second Law of Thermodynamics which do not mention any system 'completely shielded from exchange of heat' and which hence can be applied to the universe without assuming that it is 'lagged' against something outside. Indeed, the astonishing variety of apparently quite dissimilar and yet equivalent formulations of the Second Law should warn us against regarding any particular set of words as the strict expression of a natural law. The words of science are intended to report on our knowledge of nature, and it is on this knowledge, and not on any particular verbal usage reflecting it, that we must ultimately rely for our conclusions.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester

MICHAEL POLANYI

Sir,—Mr. Stephen Toulmin's talk on the subject of entropy, printed in THE LISTENER for March 8, contains a quite astonishing medley of misunderstandings. He starts by presenting the Second Law of Thermodynamics in such a guise as to make it appear as academic as possible. We are informed that the law is concerned with heat engines and so has as little to do with philosophy as the intestines of birds have to do with the fall of cities—his own analogy.

Now it is a truism, of course, that the law of increasing entropy was first recognised in science in connection with the theory of heat engines. But since the time of Boltzmann physicists have been well aware that the fundamental basis of the law is concerned with probability and the degeneration of ordered systems. The connection with steam engines is accidental, not fundamental. Professor Dingle has shown that it is possible so to frame the laws of heat that they do not show any progressive tendency of this kind, but he points out that if we do so, we shall then have to postulate some-

thing akin to the law of entropy for mechanics. Had Carnot lived before Newton this might conceivably have been done! But the point which needs to be underlined is not that entropy is concerned with heat engines but that it is related to something which is an everyday experience—the fact that order degenerates in physical processes; that the photograph is never a perfect replica of the original, that the card pack becomes more and more mixed as we shake it in a hat (a dangerous analogy but serviceable to a point), that houses are demolished slowly by time, quickly by bombs, but are demolished just the same. This is, or seems to be, a universal rule applying to all ordered systems—biological systems included.

Are we to imagine, then, that it applies to the universe—to the whole universe? Certainly not, says Mr. Toulmin. For the entropy law applies to isolated systems, but you cannot speak of the universe as isolated. Isolated from what?

This is slippery reasoning. If the universe be infinitely large we can consider it as made up of an infinite number of zones of space, each as large as we please. They are not isolated from one another, to be sure, but it needs little mathematics to see that the larger we consider them to be, the more nearly isolated they will become. (Transfer of energy is proportional to their surface and so to the square of the radius, but energy content is proportional to its cube.) So the law applies to the whole universe, even if it is infinite in extent. Mr. Toulmin's analogies from gravitation and tooth-cleaning only befog the issue. A more apt analogy would be this: if the whole universe consisted of hats, with a pack of cards in each, and if all the hats were shaken—would the cards become mixed up? Of course they would.

Now for the metaphysics. The entropy law does not, it is true, show that the world will die a heat death. What it does show is that unless the physical universe is a closed system it will die a heat death—a very different story. But it is the entropy law which shows us that the universe cannot be a closed physical system. It matters not if we go back in time with Jeans and postulate an original creation which happened against the laws of physical science, or if with Hoyle we postulate continuous creation (or for that matter if we postulate a combination of the two possibilities). Whichever way we have it, the conclusion seems inevitable that that which 'is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear'. The universe exists because a force or forces are or have been at work about which observational science can tell us nothing, for it is undetectable by any conceivable physical means. And when we consider the outcome of this Force it is hard to avoid the conclusion that It or perhaps He is intelligent—indeed is possessed of an intelligence far surpassing that of man. This, surely, is the significance for philosophy of the entropy principle.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

ROBERT E. D. CLARK

Sir,—In support of Professor H. Dingle's criticism of Mr. Toulmin's remarks on Newton's view of the relations between physics and theology, it may be of interest to quote some very relevant sentences from Professor P. Frank's book, *Modern Science and its Philosophy*. In the chapter which deals with the philosophic meaning of the Copernican revolution Professor Frank says:

Newton himself was very well aware that 'motion relative to absolute space' has no operational meaning, that is, that by no physical experiment can the speed of a body in rectilinear motion with respect to absolute space be measured. Therefore, the Newtonian system of principles is not a logically coherent system within the domain of physics. Newton himself restored logical coherence by enlarging his system of physical statements by the addition of some theologic propositions.

Professor Frank goes on to quote a passage from Burt's *Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science*, in which Burt says: 'The divine consciousness furnishes the ultimate centre of reference for absolute motion. Moreover, the animism in Newton's conception of force plays a part in the premisses of the position. God is the ultimate originator of motion'. Professor Frank ends by saying: 'Strange as it may seem, by the abandonment (long after Newton) of theologic argument, the Newtonian physics lost logical coherence'.—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

R. W. CRAMMER

### Science as a Solution to Our Problems

Sir,—Mr. Malone's letter is as inaccurate as it is in bad taste. As an undergraduate of the London School of Economics, I find it as unnecessary to question the authority of Mr. Beales as it is to discuss Mr. Malone's manners. I would, however, give 3 per cent. of the annual value of my scholarship grant to any charity Mr. Malone wishes to name, if he can prove that economics, as expounded at the L.S.E., is a 'left-wing economics'. He really must get into his head—as must many others—the fact that the L.S.E. is a part of the University of London, and not an intellectual hothouse maintained under the auspices of either Transport House or King Street.—Yours, etc.,

CHRISTOPHER ROWLAND

London School of Economics

### Framework of the Future

Sir,—I must beg your indulgence to answer Commander King-Hall's challenge, printed in your columns last week.

If, as the Commander puts it, my letter wanders 'stratospherically' from the point, then his reply, in astronomical terms, must be perilously near approaching Venus—or should I say Mars? I am afraid I must disregard his salvos of sarcasm and lead him gently back to the main point of my letter, which he contrives



to evade completely. It was to refute his statement that we do not believe in the right of every nation to determine its own government and way of life.

Is this not his contention? Or can Commander King-Hall take further plunges into English morphology to prove that he really did not say this at all? If he does admit to it, then I must repeat—since he seems to have missed the point the first time—that once we accept this attitude, there is no logical outcome other than to find ourselves eventually engaged in 'perfectly justified' military operations (or war, as I should prefer to call it) to liberate other countries from ways of life which we, it seems, and not they, cannot tolerate.

This must inevitably be so unless the phrase 'to penetrate a police state' is utterly meaningless. Unless this 'penetration' has as its object the fomenting of internal revolt and the ultimate overthrow of communist governments, then Commander King-Hall will be wasting his time with his one-man propaganda campaign.

Why he challenges me to quote instances of attempts to impose western 'democracy' (and incidentally American capitalism) by force on others, when he could have obtained the necessary information simply by keeping up to date with modern history during his own lifetime, I do not know. How about intervention in Russia in 1917, in Greece in 1947 and now MacArthur in Korea?

Senator Taft, whom I quoted before, is admirably honest about what he means by 'penetration'. He advocates that in China and elsewhere we should stimulate and support internal revolt against communist regimes: 'We should use the same methods of infiltration as have the Russians. We need a much more effective intelligence force. . . . We can back the underground. . . .'

This is where Commander King-Hall's 'defence of democracy' shows up in its true colours. We have used the old parrot cry of 'making the world safe for democracy' to justify every act of intervention abroad since we stabbed the Russian revolution in the back in 1917.

Commander King-Hall really must come down to earth. Behind his high-flown phrases, the hard reality is that 'defence of democracy' and 'penetration' in practice mean the backing, particularly in the east, of corrupt and discredited regimes like that of Chiang Kai-shek, and the capitalist exploitation of native peoples.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol

ROY HARRIS

### The Egyptian Point of View

Sir,—In my protest against Lord Stansgate's description of the Mahdi as a slave trader (which I am very glad to see he has now withdrawn) I did not attempt, as he implies, any eulogy of the regime that was established in the Sudan as a result of the Mahdi's successful revolt against the Turco-Egyptian Administration of that time. I merely said that by many Sudanese today the Mahdi is regarded as the first architect of their nationhood. This is a statement of fact by which I stand.

Moreover, I consider that there is ample justification for this estimate of the Mahdi, since, regardless of the eventual character of the regime established by his revolt, he was the first Sudanese in modern times to bring the various tribes and peoples of the Northern Sudan together in a movement which, among other motives, was undoubtedly inspired by national consciousness—a movement of protest against foreign misrule, a revolt for independence. From that foreign rule (which had become extremely oppressive) the Mahdi freed the Sudan; and in its place he established a theocratic native government for the whole country. This achieve-

ment seems to me to establish his claim to be the first founder of Sudanese nationhood. The faults of this government and its subsequent degeneration into an obscurantist and barren tyranny under the Khalifa do not affect the substance of this claim, particularly as the Mahdi died very shortly after his victory and the shaping of its results, then passed into other hands.

The independence movement in the Sudan today derives part of its historical inspiration from the fact that under the Mahdi the Sudanese overthrew the foreign sovereignty that had been established in their country by the Khedive of Egypt in 1820.

Yours, etc.,

EDWARD ATIYAH

Send

### The Chancellor and the Pastor

Sir,—Mr. Kenneth G. Grubb must, I think, have misunderstood Dr. Niemöller, when he met him recently in Paris. According to him, the Pastor 'no longer asserts that the East is not rearming'. But I heard the Pastor express himself very definitely in the opposite sense at a public meeting in Kingsway Hall, London, on February 23, when he said, as corroborated by the report which appeared in *The Times* on the following morning: 'He had tried for two years to find a man who had been trained for war in eastern Germany. He was convinced that no sort of training was going on; he had found nobody who had said, "I have been trained with a machine-gun, an aircraft, or a tank". They had the People's Police, but he had not seen them with anything but a carbine or pistol'.

If Dr. Niemöller has changed his opinion since making that unambiguous statement—and I hardly believe that he has—it is quite certain that he cannot have done so on the basis of any first-hand evidence.

Yours, etc.,

EDGAR P. YOUNG

London, W.1

### Latin America in the World Today

Sir,—Presumably Sir Ronald Fraser's talk was intended to inform us about South and Central America, and to indicate the possibilities of the future, but what a council of despair he gave us! If Latin Americans are as primitive and uncouth as Sir Ronald paints them, how intolerable that their twenty votes should hold the balance of power in the United Nations organisation, and why, oh why, are they not backing the plans of U.N. for the underdeveloped areas of the world rather than abetting the United States' demands in Korea? Does it mean that, in fact, their votes are not really independent ones, that they are mere 'satellites' of their Good Neighbour?

Sir Ronald regrets that Great Britain no longer has money to invest in that region: probably one of the chief causes for Latin America's backwardness is the foreign ownership of the natural resources of that continent—copper, oil, saltpetre, etc. This means that the money obtained from exploiting these resources is not available for the development of the countries in which the wealth lies.

When I was in Chile I was disgusted by the way some Americans patronised the natives and I am very sorry to hear an Englishman (who, I understand, is to write a Survey of these countries for our guidance) say such things as: 'It was proved that the Indian is as susceptible to education . . . as the mestizo, but this ruined him as an Indian . . . At any rate the radio-frigidaire standard is not for him'. We, as a nation, have just led the world in ratifying the Bill of Human Rights and, surely, what we profess to be aiming at in our own colonies should not be too good for other member states of U.N.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

A. M. MELLAND

### 'Sydney Smith'

Sir,—Your reviewer of my *Sydney Smith* implies that I give no samples of that great man's private letters. There are, in fact, substantial extracts from no fewer than eighteen of his private letters. There are also a number of items (never before published) from private notebooks which their present owner very kindly allowed me to examine.

Your reviewer's further complaint, that my prose does not dance to Smith's tune, suggests an entirely novel theory of what biography should be. Must a writer on Pope express himself in couplets, and a writer on birds grow feathers? Sydney Smith's wit and wisdom speak for themselves in my pages, in a hundred and one anecdotes and quotations. Any personal display on my part would have been both inept and impertinent.—Yours, etc.,

Petersfield

GERALD BULLETT

### The Mountaineering Association

Sir,—Young men and women are turning in increasing numbers to the hills and mountains for recreation. Many are experiencing the joys of climbing for the first time. Some are deterred, however, by lack of knowledge.

The Mountaineering Association exists to help these people and at its training courses teaches basic mountaineering, beginning with the complete novice. Our ultimate aim is to build permanent schools of training in this country and abroad; meanwhile courses are held at many British and Alpine climbing centres. All our training facilities are non-profit-making and details of these may be obtained from the Secretary of the Association, 1 Kildare Gardens, London, W.2.—Yours, etc.,

RUSSELL

President, The Mountaineering Association

### Greek Proper Names

Sir,—Certain B.B.C. announcers might with advantage be reminded that the 'eu' in Theseus and all Greek proper names with a like termination, is a diphthong and should be so pronounced.—Yours, etc.,

Ditchling

L. A. JENNINGS



'Standing Figure' by Jean Helion, recently on view at Burlington House, London. We regret that this painting was wrongly reproduced in THE LISTENER three weeks ago



# A Novelist to his Readers—II\*

By HENRY GREEN

ONE day this winter I was on the upper deck of a bus, in London, held up by traffic lights at Hyde Park Corner which, because I was going east, is, as most Londoners know, bounded to my far side, and to the right, by St. George's Hospital. Across the aisle, in front, there sat a middle-aged woman waving her handkerchief slightly behind and away from me, that is towards the hospital. At that moment, as she was again to do later, she gave up. She turned round upon her fellow-passengers, who, so far as I could judge, had paid no attention, and gave us all collectively a shy, warm smile. I did not let her catch my eye. She seemed to be encouraged by this lack of interest, for she then turned back, and once more began to wave. At this, I, in my turn, swivelled round to see if I could find what she was at. Up to a point, I did. By following the direction of this woman's eyes, I discovered another handkerchief within a dark window half-way up the hospital wall—another handkerchief being waved in return. I gazed again. I was just able to make out a second lady, presumably propped up in bed, but so much higher than what I took to be the level of her floor that she almost seemed to float in space above her ward, a woman waving, in her turn, to what may have been her daughter, a relative, or just a friend.

## 'Gifts' to the Writer

What I have just told you is a good example of the sort of gift always being made to writers by people living their own lives round writers. Anyone with imagination should be able to make a lot out of it. I propose to give you later two complementary ways whereby this scene could be written up. But on the bus, at that moment, in the actual incident—in life that is—something further occurred. The bus was still held by the traffic lights, they stayed green for all the cars trying to get into Hyde Park from Victoria, the kerchief within its hospital window was still being agitated with a kind of sick, weary movement, minutes passed, and the lady inside our bus gave up a second time. She put her handkerchief down and again turned slowly round on the other passengers, but with what, on this occasion, seemed to me to be a guilty, please-excuse-me smile. It was obvious that she had had to wave too long. No one appeared to pay the slightest attention and I myself again took care not to show that I had seen. For, after glancing briefly over us, she gazed ahead, it seemed full into the red eye which had halted us. She had given over, she had had enough, one thought.

So I looked once more at that ward window and saw the other kerchief still being waved, not so vigorously, rather less now, it is true, and to the back of my lady's rather rigid head. Upon which, all at once, all was changed, our lights turned green! The waving became urgent two floors up, and, as we moved forward, I looked in front, the way we were going, and there was my lady waving back once more, but with violence now. Yet once we were past the lights she finally gave up. Nor did she ever look round on us again. Her face was reflected in the bus window. It was grim. And that was that. That is all there was to it, nothing more.

A trivial affair, you say? Perhaps, but I maintain, first, that this thing seen holds in it the essence of all communication between a writer and his readers, and, second, that his possible treatment of it, the way the writer describes this incident, as I have just done once, and will do twice more before I am finished, is, in itself, what may be the whole essence of how a reader can be brought by the description, by the treatment, to a deeper realisation of what is being described.

If this scene then may be a double 'gift', the first is, here was I, a novelist, seated on the top deck of a bus and handed a situation you might almost say 'on a plate' which was not only suggestive of a story in itself, but which also had in it the essence of all reading, that is to say of communication between two people without the spoken word. Before we can proceed to the second, we must pause here briefly to analyse the first gift. In a talk I broadcast some time ago on the subject of communication between a writer and his reader I made the point that words, out of their context, had no precise meaning; that it was the context in which he placed them that was the first deliberate act by the

writer in communicating with his reader; and that the arrangement of the context of the words was to the writer what the tones of his colours are to the painter as he lays these down on a white canvas.

Similarly the point I am trying to make, here and now, is that where and how he places his characters in fiction is for the writer the context of his story. In other words, just as the composition of a painting gives it meaning, so the way in which the writer places his characters in the shifting scenes of his book will give the work significance. Now if it cannot be the purpose of the novelist to create in his books a life which isn't and which is non-representational, that is to say to create life in the reader which cannot eat, drink or procreate, but which can die; and if the arrangement of words and the 'placing' of his characters are the only means whereby he can do this, then the superimposing of one scene on another, or the telescoping of two scenes into one, are methods which the novelist is bound to adopt in order to obtain substance and depth. This may seem obscure at first, but at the end of this talk I am giving two examples of dialogue which will, I hope, make the point clear.

The difficulty before the novelist is to determine how much to describe directly to his readers, that is how much description to give which does not come out of the mouth of his characters. Now since conversation in these days is the principal means of communication between people in everyday life, I for one maintain that dialogue will be the mainstay of novels for quite a while. But obviously even in a script there must be stage directions, yet, as we are dealing here with narrative which is not on the stage and so is not subject to the disadvantage of the actor's or the producer's interpretation, the novelist has in unspoken dialogue at least to make plain who is speaking, and then so to order what he is putting down that, by evocation, by memory, by the mysterious things we all share, which is another set of words for the lone word 'life', he may create life in the mind of the reader.

And what, after all, is alive in a book? Surely something in which we, as readers, can all share. Though again, as in life, we must be able to share it in different ways, in opposites perhaps. Because we are all different. Thus we can all share the idea of a hospital. Yet it may mean death to some, healing to others; it must, I imagine, include to all the notion of pain and of the people inside not being able to get out, to leave, because they cannot walk; some may like nurses with their starched cuffs, others may be frightened of these angels; you may regard doctors as saviours or you may consider that they take the credit when, in spite of their treatment, your wonderful constitution pulled you through. All this and much more can be what the word 'hospital' means to any one of us. Yet, beyond everything, there is the sense we all have that anyone detained inside may be badly up against it.

## The Merits of Non-Description

It is this fact which begins to make the scene I witnessed significant. And it was to increase the significance that, on purpose, I did not describe how the two ladies looked. It is, of course, implicit in the scene, and one of the innate advantages of what I saw, that the figure inside the hospital could be too dimly observed to be seen. Nevertheless it is a lucky chance in a talk like this, not to have to give the age of these two ladies, as one would be forced to in a novel. If I have told the incident right, and I would prefer to be judged by the two examples I am just going to give, then each generation could claim this lady in the bus for their own, from teen-agers to grannies. And yet again, to begin without dialogue, to start on a coloured description so often leads to an attempt to write down the shape of a nose, or those wonderful rosy lips, which, while almost impossible of accomplishment in any case, only leads back once more to the variations in individual reader's tastes. For how can one, as a novelist, cater for those estimable men who only admire girls with black hair and pale blue eyes? The answer is, of course, by not describing them.

I want to give you now the first of my two examples, a way of putting the scene I have already described, but in dialogue. If you have followed my argument you will appreciate that it was entirely against

\* Mr. Green's first talk on this subject was printed in THE LISTENER of November 9, 1950





# GO

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my principles, as these are at present, that I gave this example direct from me to you. No, I prefer the oblique approach which follows. Then in my final and second example, I hope to show you why the first is not good enough, and why one of the young men, in the coming dialogue, must telescope into the scene I witnessed on the bus a part of his own history.

Treating the scene in dialogue, therefore, it could go something like this:

'Look at that', a young man said to his companion on top of the bus.

'What?'

'Waving out of the bus window!' the first youth exclaimed, it seemed in disgust.

'Well, why not, Peter? Or d'you mean she ought to be doing it up at us from the ground. As if we were riding in a liberation army?' He paused. 'No, I've seen people wave before from vehicles', he ended.

They spoke together in low tones as men do in public transport.

'Traffic doesn't get any better, Harry', the first young man said.

'We seem to have been stuck here for hours', his companion agreed.

'Always like this at Hyde Park Corner. I say! D'you know who she's still waving at?'

'Who?'

'Why right up inside the hospital. There's somebody there signalling back. And now ours has stopped and is turning round. Pretty ghastly sort of smile she's got on too, Harry'.

'What's wrong with that, Peter?'

'I don't know. Wait, she's back at her waving again'.

'Well, why shouldn't she?' Harry demanded in what appeared to be a bored voice.

'D'you suppose they do this every day on the way to work, Harry?'

'Well, of course', this young man said. 'They must have met before, or how would they have found each other now?'

'Yes, I suppose she couldn't see into that hospital window without she knew who was inside. It's too dark', Peter agreed. 'Now our one has stopped again. And the other is still waving'.

'I still don't see why not'.

'And ours is looking round again, look out, with a particularly ingratiating beastly sort of smile this time'.

'Well, I wish we could get on. I'm going to be late', Harry complained. 'All clear', his companion announced. 'Only our dame has given over waving and is keeping her eyes strictly to her front'.

'Can you see what's holding us, Peter?'

'Lights have stuck, I suppose. But the other one's still waving, getting a bit weak at the last though. Hullo, we're off. And now they're both at it, like mad. Now ours has stopped and we're past and it's over. Now, what d'you make of that, Harry?'

'That I'm going to be late', this young man replied and then he added, 'Oh, she was only telling the other in here with us that she could go now'.

The treatment I have given you is flat to my mind—at the most it is two-dimensional. To make the scene, just described in dialogue, live, we must make it three-dimensional, that is to say, and avoiding the use of pompous words, I think the two young men who have been talking on the bus are dead from the neck down. So I propose in my second example to bring Peter to life by putting him in love and telescoping his story into the scene, that is, into the example already given. I have no time left to deal in kind with Harry, so I am going to bring him to life by means of an outrageous trick much used by short-story writers.

I shall do this in just three words, and, so that you can look out for them, these will be the last I shall use here.

This revised example therefore will go something like this:

'What were you going to tell me about you and Pam?' a young man called Harry asked his companion on top of a bus, halted by traffic lights at Hyde Park Corner, the top deck of which was crowded with men and women on the way to work.

'Oh, nothing really', Peter answered.

'Come on, get it off your chest'.

'But look at that', Peter said.

'What?'

'Why, Harry, waving like it, out of the bus window—our bus', the second youth exclaimed, it might be in disgust.

'Well, why not, Peter? Or d'you mean she ought to be doing that up at us from ground level. As if we were riding in a liberation army? No, I've seen people wave before from vehicles', he said. There was a pause. 'Tell me about Pam', he insisted.

'As you know', his companion at last explained, 'three days ago we had what practically amounted to a break. Well, you must admit, from all I've told you, she's almost impossible'. Peter was speaking in

low tones, as men do in public transport. 'We were going to this party together tonight you see. And, of course, naturally when she said she never wanted to see me again, ever, I thought I might take someone else. So I asked someone'. He broke off here. 'I say', he said in a new voice, 'd'you know that woman, in here with us, is still waving?'

'Well, it's a free country (isn't it?) and we seem to have been stuck in the same place for hours'.

'Always like this at Hyde Park Corner', Peter countered. 'But d'you know who she's still waving at?'

'Who?'

'Why, right up inside the hospital; and there's somebody there signalling back. And now the one here with us has stopped and is turning round. Pretty ghastly sort of smile she's got on as well, Harry'.

'Go on about Pam, Peter'.

'And now she's back at her waving again. About Pam? Oh I don't know, it was really pretty awful. I say, d'you suppose these two do this every day, wave to each other from the bus and the hospital, I mean?'

'Well, of course', Harry said. 'They must have met before or else how would they have found each other now?'

'Yes, I suppose she couldn't see into that hospital window without she knew who was inside. It's too dark', Peter agreed. 'Now our woman has stopped, looks like she's had enough, but the other's still waving from within'.

'I still don't see why not. But tell me about Pam', Harry demanded.

'And so I was giving Angela and her mother drinks on the Tuesday. They'd just dropped in. As a matter of fact, I'd asked Angela to go to the party with me on Wednesday instead of Pam after our row. Then Pam rang up. Can you imagine what she wanted to know, and in that loud voice of hers which rang out of the 'phone? Only what time I was going to call for her—Pam, mind you—for this party that I'd invited Angela to in her place'.

'Awkward, eh?' Harry seemed to sympathise.

'Now our lady's looking round on us again', Peter announced. 'Look out! And with a particularly ingratiating beastly sort of smile this time'.

'Well I wish we could get on. I'm going to be late', his companion grumbled. 'Can you see what's holding us, Peter?'

'Lights have stuck, I suppose. But the other one up in the old hospital's still waving. Getting a bit weak at the last, though. Well, to go on with my story, Angela heard every word Pam said over the 'phone, of course, and waved to me to say don't bother with me, take her out! So I told Pam the time I'd call. Hullo, we're off! And their line of traffic surged forward. 'We're really off at last. And now they're both at it, waving like mad at each other. She'll lose her handkerchief out of the window if she isn't careful! Now ours, the one in with us, has stopped, we're past and it's all over. So what d'you make of that, Harry?'

'That I'm going to be late', this young man replied and then he added, 'Oh, she was only telling the other in here with us that she could go now'.

Harry was blind.

—Third Programme

## Wooden Horse

Every Monday morning  
Stands outside my door  
A wooden horse concealing  
Seven captains of war.

O, there is no deception:  
For greater cause than joy  
I take the famed besiegers  
Into my lifetime's Troy.

And every Sunday evening  
They have thrown down with fire  
My seven bright towers of daylight,  
My altars of desire.

And there are no survivors  
But a man and boy who go  
To found an eternal city  
Whose name they do not know.

HAL SUMMERS



# Round the London Art Galleries

By FRANCIS WATSON

THE title of 'Neglected French Paintings' which draws one to the Adams Gallery at the top of New Bond Street, covers a small collection ranging from the end of the nineteenth century to the present day, the French supremacy without its two-thousand-pound look. Among the followers of Monet there is a picture by Maxime Maufra, recently resuscitated at Gimpel Fils, and there is also Gustave Loiseau. What could be more orthodox than a painting dated 1899 and called 'Gelée et Soleil, Tournedos'? Frost and sun do not invite the gymnastics of composition or the grand inheritance of rhetoric. They simply perform their sparkling office of banishing grey from the palette; and thirty-one years later, in the Rouen that we know through the eyes of Monet and Pissarro, Loiseau is still painting with a happy competence that leaves nothing for enquiry except the market-price. Or there is Alphonse Quizet, now in his sixties and producing what the knowing may call pseudo-Utrillos, their architectural tranquillity somewhat disturbed by an invasion of dark green. In fact Quizet and Utrillo, old companions, at different stages exchanged influences in a way scarcely reflected in the sale-rooms. The curious in such matters will also find here two early works by Raoul Dufy, sensitive but undistinguished *Salon d'Automne* landscapes painted before he tried out his left hand and groomed himself for stardom.

The star-system, after all, permeates the world of art, and we all help to keep it going. It differs from that of Hollywood not merely in its emphasis on the aged or the dead, but in the fact that the stars really are better performers than the others. Descending to the foot of the street, we can be reconvinced of that. The Bond-street shoppers, wooed alternately by crimson cardinals drinking healths and the blushing peaks of the Dolomites, may or may not be drawn out of the March murk into the Marlborough Galleries, whose lure is also in the window: a Monet bobby-dazzler of rocks and the sea at Belle-Isle (*effet de soleil*) which at £25 was neglected in the 1905 introduction of Impressionism to London. They will find, if they enquire, that this picture has just been disposed of for £2,200.

Whether Monet is just twenty times better than Loiseau (also represented in this fourth instalment of the Marlborough exhibitions of French masters) is the sort of decision that few of us are called to make. But these two beautifully filled rooms, approximating in size and shape to those of a small modern flat, give one the cosiest impression of what even expensive pictures are for. Some of the later works could perhaps, as *Ecole de Paris*, harangue a crowd from the walls of a public gallery; and there is a Bonnard, a sort of pale-blue palimpsest in watercolour and pastel, that before it got itself framed was a draft for a seaside advertisement. But here they offer direct and intimate enjoyment: Renoir in appetising morsels less than a foot long; a pre-pointilliste

Seurat of anglers in the cigar-box-lid dimensions in which Constable gave such good measure; a cool Pissarro of 1871, 'La Seine à Marly', the tug-boat sending up its smoke into a windless sky in tranquil correspondence with the tow-path trees that are part of the iconography of the great painters of the Paris *banlieue*. To an exhibition of many other

delights have been added a number of the small Degas bronzes that stood in clay, unregarded, as working material for a painter sometimes impatient of living models. They have a superb life of their own; and one of them, which would have satisfied any sculptor in its wholeness and harmony, might be a *maquette* for some heroic group of statuary in a spacious public site—not Liberty guiding the People, but a masseuse in puffed sleeves attending to the outstretched leg of a naked girl on a chaise-longue.

At the Leicester Galleries Ruskin Spear, just under forty, is holding what is surprisingly his first one-man show. One of his peculiar attractions, it seems to me, is that he invites the spectator to share the pleasure of a painter's experience rather than to stand in awe of the achievement. Perhaps this is what is called being 'painterly'. If someone had introduced tracer-particles of radioactive paint into Sickert's palette, Camden Town might have blossomed out of the perpetual dusk as Hammersmith blossoms for Ruskin Spear with tail-lights, traffic-lights, a wine-merchant's sign, or any chance reflection from a polished surface—or in sunlight with the suddenly exotic growth of golden privet. If this be an eye-catching device, the eye once caught finds more to enjoy than the brushful of brilliant pigment; and we may be led to understand why, when art might be almost anything today, it is still this passionately unremunerative pursuit of applying oil-paint to a



'Hammersmith Broadway', by Ruskin Spear, A.R.A., from his first one-man exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

prepared canvas. But there is another aspect of these pictures, more various in their organisation and treatment than I have space to indicate. The snowy lather on the central chin of a barber's-shop painting illuminates a group that might have been observed by a more humane Forain. However incidental to the painting, Ruskin Spear's fellow-citizens hurrying between blue shadow and lemon light over Hammersmith Bridge, reaching for a glass in a pub, or shuffling alone down an empty street, give the unexpected illusion of having souls and stomachs and business to attend to.

The figures in Charles Murray's Scottish paintings, also at the Leicester, are another order of being, the faintly tragic symbol of a hollow-eyed herring-girl who stares and sways, alone or in groups, through the wild wet harbours of a country of the mind. This painter's vision has always been poetic, and mannerism lurks round the corner. But he has the air of being able to do just what he wants with his materials. At the same galleries Guy Burn deserves a welcome.

Mr. Francis Watson will, later on, be reviewing the Rothenstein Collection of Indian paintings at the Victoria and Albert Museum.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## A History of the Crusades. Vol. I: The First Crusade and the Foundation of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. By Steven Runciman. Cambridge. 25s.

'ON A FEBRUARY DAY in the year A.D. 638 the Caliph Omar entered Jerusalem, riding upon a white camel. He was dressed in worn filthy robes, and the army that followed him was rough and unkempt; but its discipline was perfect. . . .

Thus Mr. Runciman's opening sentences, and they give the measure of what follows, holding the reader from the start in the grip of a narrative which has all the flavour and quality of epic. It is a quality all too rare in historical writing today when (as Mr. Runciman says) 'criticism has overpowered creation', and it is this quality that marks out Mr. Runciman as the right man for his task. There is no doubt that this is his best work to date; and if he can keep his grip over the two further volumes that are promised—no easy task as, step by step, the Crusading movement degenerated into a tale of sordid intrigue and cupidity—he will stand high among the historians of his generation.

The best measure of Mr. Runciman's achievement is perhaps his skill in leaving the First Crusade its epic quality, while obliterating completely the false glamour of romance. There are figures—the legate Adhemar, for example—whom evidently he respects; but he has no obvious heroes, least of all among the crusaders themselves. He is refreshingly free from prejudices, particularly western prejudices—unless perhaps he has one (and what sane man would question it?) in favour of reason and moderation and common sense. That Islam was tolerant, that eastern Christendom was urbane and civilised, that the westerners were barbarous, savage, truculent, faithless—these are facts which emerge at every turn. Mr. Runciman is content to observe the facts; he is no moralist. But when he writes: 'You could not walk in the streets without treading on corpses, all of them rotting rapidly in the summer heat. But Antioch was Christian once more', what further moral is needful? And when he notes how 'the Christian Prince of Antioch was to declare war on the Christian Count of Edessa . . . in order that the Patriarch might rule over Palestine', his words are an epitaph on the Crusading movement as a whole; for here already is the canker which leads to the crusades in southern France, against the emperor Frederick, and against the Catholic kingdom of Aragon, and eventually brings the whole Crusading movement into disrepute.

Historians have been apt to write as though the fine ideal of the Holy War was wrecked simply by the selfishness of the princes, who perverted the movement in order to carve out principalities in the east. Readers of Mr. Runciman's book will look deeper and see further. What is on trial is really the idea of the Crusade itself, and the double-edged weapon of 'Holy War' which had its effective origin in the Crusading movement. Bad enough (as Mr. Runciman points out a score of times) the evils visited on the Christians of the east by the crusaders; worse the 'irreparable schism between the Greek and Latin Churches', and so between eastern and western Europe, which they fomented; worst of all, perhaps, the fact that the 'bloodthirsty proof of Christian fanaticism' inevitably aroused a corresponding fanaticism in Islam. Yet none of this was necessary. Orthodox Christianity had always rejected the pernicious doctrine of 'Holy War', even the exigencies of war did not excuse the act of murder, and the soldier dying in battle against the infidel was neither hero nor

martyr. And in the west also many people 'thought the whole Crusading movement foolish and wrong'. But such voices had little chance against the organised propaganda of ecclesiastical politicians. And in the last analysis it was their defeat, the smothering of common sense and moderation, that made the Crusades a turning point in history. The long debate of Orient and Occident, begun far earlier, still goes on; the significance of the Crusades was in determining the shape of the answer, in banishing toleration and mutual respect, where mutual respect and toleration had been the order of the day, and substituting fanaticism. And because we today have still our crusaders preaching holy war—and adventurers who perceive, as unerringly as the crusading princes, how holy war can be combined with profitable war—it is no idle speculation to ponder, with Mr. Runciman as guide, just how much Europe gained and just how much it lost, morally and spiritually, when, eight and a half centuries ago, it embarked on the First—but unhappily not the last—Crusade.

## Men against the Desert. By Ritchie Calder. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

The world's population is underfed, and it is increasing rapidly. The need for new food-supplies is urgent, and the search for them in different parts of the world deserves the attention of everyone. Mr. Ritchie Calder was chosen by Unesco to visit the deserts of North Africa and the Middle East to tell the story of achievement and planning with a view to bringing sterile areas under the plough. A desert is defined in the dictionary as 'an arid region lacking moisture to support vegetation', and it is obvious that the vast areas of sand-dunes and bare rock, which answer to this definition, are likely for ever to resist all human effort.

The story Mr. Calder has to tell is concerned with ancient cultivable land which has gone out of cultivation through human neglect, and with areas now sterile which only wait for irrigation to become productive. His travels ranged from the Sahara to Persia, and the enterprises he describes vary greatly in scope and in possibilities. In Southern Algeria enthusiastic workers enlist modern methods to bring new life to the oases, whereby it is hoped to raise the standard of life of a scanty population. In Libya work initiated by the Italians for the benefit of their own colonists waits to be extended in the interest of the Arabs. Iraq, with a population of only five millions, could with more man-power and more irrigation flourish again as it did in the days of the Caliphate, when the country is alleged to have supported thirty or forty million people. The salt deserts of Persia, which cover more than half the country, hold out no hope of recovery, but the fertile areas are believed to be capable of great development through irrigation and mechanised farming. In Palestine Zionist effort has not yet exhausted all possibilities, and high hopes are placed in the future of the Negev, a region of scanty rainfall which hitherto has sustained only a small population of poverty-stricken nomads. There is also the ambitious Lowdermilk scheme, initiated by an American scientist, for the utilisation of the waters of the Jordan to irrigate 150,000 acres of good land, with subsidiary benefits both to Israel and the kingdom of Jordan.

The record of the work done by scientists of many nationalities is impressive, but it does not appear that their efforts are matched by any sense of urgency on the part of the governments con-

cerned. The conflict between the Arab states and Israel means indefinite delay for the Jordan Valley Scheme, and Iraq has made no serious attempt to settle Arab refugees from Palestine, who might supply invaluable manpower for the rehabilitation of her derelict lands. There is also no evidence that the ambitious Seven-Year Plan put forward by the Persian government is backed by the drive and resolution needed to overcome the inertia of the people and the obstruction of vested interests. There will have to be a change of heart in many quarters if the plans of the scientists are not to end in frustration.

Mr. Calder has made the best of the opportunities afforded by a flying visit to many places of absorbing interest. He has put life into the record of his journey, but he might have spared the reader certain touches of spurious romance which ineffectually echo the conventional travel literature of long ago. No one will get a thrill out of the dubious statement that a visit to the Arab quarter of Algiers is a dangerous adventure because 'the knife is swift and silent, and the *kasbah* keeps its secrets'. And 'Kufic' with which the Sinaitic inscriptions are said to be mixed, is not the language of a Babylonian city, but an early form of Arabic writing.

## The Music of Gustav Holst

By Imogen Holst. Oxford. 15s.

At his best, Holst is the most strikingly original British composer of the present century; yet of all his productions none is more strikingly original than his daughter. A filial biography that is frank without being malicious, a balanced and really objective view of a parent who was obviously deeply loved, must be one of the rarest of books. Miss Holst has already given us that. Now she has produced a companion-piece, a study of her father's music that is equally candid, equally balanced and objective, informed throughout with sound professional judgment. And in all this, she is recognisably her father's daughter. For he too, in his music, is cool and clear and unflinching, and objective about things for which he cared profoundly. She knows so much about his ways of thought that on many pages of her book one seems to hear the voice of the composer's own self-critical conscience: knowing everything, understanding everything—but by no means forgiving himself everything. 'Holst never considered that "The Planets" was one of his best works, and it distressed him when it became a popular success. But he liked "Saturn" and he was glad to have learnt so much from having written the other movements'.

That is typical in more than one way. Holst was always 'learning', as many pages of this book show, and his daughter almost appears content to sum up most of his life-work as a quest. It seems

comparatively unimportant whether many of his works written before 1927 will survive. [His creative life ended, to all intent, in 1933.] What is quite certain is that the fruits of his experience will survive. The lessons he learnt so painfully are now taken for granted, and the mistakes he made will never have to be made again.

What, then, in the view of this stern critic, are Holst's highest achievements? Not 'The Planets' evidently; not 'The Hymn of Jesus' and emphatically not 'The Perfect Fool'. (Miss Holst has no patience with her father's facetiousness and his love of wizards; one feels that at a very early age she must often have had to say 'O daddy darling, don't be so silly!') To



her, and doubtless to him, 'his greatest works are 'Egdon Heath' and the 'Choral Fantasia' on verses from Robert Bridges' 'Ode to Music'; doubtless that minority view is right.

In addition to its value as a critical survey of the whole of Holst's output—including the many unpublished early works to which no one else has had access—Miss Holst's book is what most studies of a composer's music fail to be: a musical *biography*, the account of a creative musician's growth and maturity. In her first book she gave us the outward life, the life of the man Holst; this is the inner, the musical, counterpart. A composer herself, she knows how particles of musical experience accumulate—sometimes lying dormant for years—to form a man's personal style. She records Holst's 'exaltation at first hearing the Sanctus [of the B minor Mass] . . . he has described the physical effect that it had on him: how he felt as if he were floating far above the heads of the other listeners in the cathedral, and how he found himself clutching the sides of his chair to prevent himself from bumping his head against the roof'. But for a long time that experience produced no effect on his own music; it was Wagner who had him in his grip; 'Bach's music had sunk to the very depths of his being, and lay there, biding its time. Wagner's music was continually with him . . .'. But when the time came, the Bach impression duly reappeared—transfigured, unrecognisable, made completely Holst's. There can be little question that Miss Holst is right in seeing the famous passage 'To you who gaze a lamp am I' in 'The Hymn of Jesus' as 'Holst's own way of expressing an unconscious memory of the most overwhelming mystical experience he had ever known in his life, when he had first heard the sustained radiance of' Bach's basses singing 'Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth'. That is how the creative mind does work on long dormant but powerful impressions. To have detected this instance—probably her father never did—is typical of Miss Holst's critical acumen.

### Mirabeau. A Study of a Democratic Monarchist. By Oliver J. G. Welch. Cape. 18s.

This is the best life of Mirabeau which has yet appeared in English. It is not, perhaps, the definitive work which is still wanted; for it leaves some authorities unused, and does not discuss such critical questions as Bacourt's editing of the La Marck correspondence or the authenticity of *Mirabeau's Letters, during his Residence in England*. But it is based on a careful reading of the best sources—Mirabeau's own speeches, writings, and letters—and it is well-balanced, well-written and, above all, thoughtful and thought-suggesting.

Mr. Welch's point of view is much like that of Mirabeau's son, Lucas de Montigny, who, in his important biography (1834-5) said that he envisaged Mirabeau from three points of view—as an individual, as a political writer, and as a legislator and statesman; that he had tried to show how, when he fell into private vices, he was more to be pitied than blamed; that his political writings, to be fairly judged, must be studied one by one, with their background and motives; and that in public life he was at once a democrat and a monarchist, a sworn enemy both of anarchy and of despotism. Under the first of these heads Mr. Welch cannot altogether escape the net of scandal which has impeded Mirabeau's biographers almost as much as it did his own career: too much space is perhaps given to the Sophie affair, the Mirabeau-Marignane feud, and the trial. But there is no concession to the modern taste for vulgar *amourettes* or Freudian theories about human

passions. He concentrates throughout on the excess of vitality which drove Mirabeau (like father, like son) into family and other entanglements as it drove him into journalism and politics. He had no repressions, in dress, manners or expenditure, in talk or in love-making. But, like his contemporary but more furtive sinner James Boswell, his company was irresistible, he admired goodness and intelligence, and behind his idleness and dissipation there were high principles, a capacity for hard work, and genuine statesmanship.

The high quality of Mr. Welch's work is best shown by his discussions of the *Essai sur le despotisme*, the church question, the Prussian mission, or the 47th Note. He has a good knowledge of the revolutionary background, he knows the character, of Necker, Lafayette, Brissot, Talleyrand, and the rest, and he has no illusions as to the incompetence of Louis XVI or the unlucky interventions of Marie-Antoinette. The story of Mirabeau's 'attempt to save the throne', as it is commonly called, is told in great detail,



'Mirabeau': a drawing by Bounieu in the Musée de Versailles

From 'Mirabeau'

and with due admiration for a policy which ended in failure. Perhaps a little too much is made of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, both as an 'attack on the church' (rather than a reformation of it) and as a motive for Louis' flight to Varennes (his piety was at least of late origin, and half political). The reason why the King's aunts fled to Rome was not 'to receive sacraments from Catholic priests', but from priests who had refused to accept the Civil Constitution: those who accepted it were still Catholics, as the Pope himself acknowledged in 1802. It was because Louis himself refused the offices of such priests, after sanctioning the Constitution, that the people prevented his visit to Saint-Cloud at Easter, 1791—the immediate motive for the flight to Varennes.

The main issue, after all, is whether Mirabeau's statesmanship was at fault—not in wishing to maintain the monarchy, for in that nearly all Frenchmen agreed with him, until Louis himself made it impossible; but in advising the King to leave Paris, and to appeal to the people of the provinces against their chosen representatives, the National Assembly and the citizens of Paris. Mirabeau was, after all, an aristocrat, with the strong anti-Parisian prejudices of the Midi. It is at least arguable that he took too little trouble to use his unexpected popularity in the capital to organise moderate opinion on behalf of the monarchy; and that the only hope for the

crown lay in exploiting the underlying solidarity of the nation and the Assembly, not their superficial difference. Nothing could have been more fatal or more futile than a demand (or a threat?) from Rouen that Paris should retract its measures against the royal prerogative. How many people, even in Normandy, cared about constitutional issues compared with the solid gains of land and liberty that the Assembly had won for them? The mere suggestion of civil war meant foreign intervention; and that would have united the country, as nothing else could against a half-foreign crown and its *émigré* princes and nobles. The great merit of Mr. Welch's book is that he sees and argues this question. It is one which English historians are particularly fit to decide; for this country has practical experience of that 'democratic monarchy' which eighteenth-century France knew only as a theory, and which Mirabeau would have translated, if he could, from English into French practice.

### Adler's Place in Psychology

By Lewis Way. Allen and Unwin. 18s.

The Myth of Modernity. By Charles Baudouin. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

As the century passes and the pioneer figures of psychology disappear, it is inevitable that the survival of the systems they created should depend to some extent on the quality of their followers. The psychology of Adler has now passed to a second generation of disciples, amongst whom, it may be said at once, the author of *Adler's Place in Psychology* stands deservedly high. Unlike most writers on clinical psychology he has a broad cultural background and training, a capacity for assessment and a patent desire to be fair to rival systems. The book indeed renders two services to Adlerian psychology. It fixes Adler's main tenets in a broader ideological setting than Adler himself was apparently capable of providing; and it also endeavours to correlate as well as to contrast Adler's system with Freudian, Jungian and sundry more academic schools of psychology.

The reader will find the familiar Adlerian concepts of organ inferiority, will to power, the life-style, masculine protest, the neurotic character and re-education for social co-operation clearly expounded, and in many respects improved by Mr. Way's efforts to find for them a consistent philosophic and scientific basis. To the differences between Adler and Freud the author devotes a special chapter, which, a few rather glaring misconceptions notwithstanding, gives a temperate account of the more obvious contrasts between the two systems. The reader, left to draw his own conclusions, may well decide that the faults discovered by Adler in Freudian psychology constitute the main points of Freudian attack on Adler's system; or, contrariwise, that the faults found in Adler's work by Freudian commentators constitute its main virtues in the eyes of Adlerians.

The issues between Freud and Adler stand of course on the acceptance or rejection of Freud's 'dynamic unconscious'. Those who deny the existence of this part of the mind will find it easy to accept Adler's system which was based almost wholly on his everyday clinical experience. Rather ostentatiously eschewing the alleged 'mechanistic' Freudian approach, it in effect drives a coach-and-four through the complications of mental life, a service, to be sure, for which many will be grateful. Those however who have had the misfortune to experience neurotic unhappiness may be inclined to resent the general Adlerian implication that the total behaviour of the neurotic character is nothing more than a faulty 'life-style'; in other words, a weak-kneed refusal to pull up the socks of social adaptation. One wonders indeed how



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Adler would have applied his procedures of re-education and rehabilitation to the case of Samuel Johnson, who, though not only burdened throughout life with a severe obsessional neurosis but ready at all times to reprobate in himself a kind of moral sloth, yet achieved in other respects a life-style of some distinction not to say value to posterity. However this may be it is evident that therapeutic Finalists before proceeding to the rescue of weaker life-stylists are under obligation to produce a fool-proof philosophy of life of their own. Mr. Way has evidently grasped this fact and at various points of his book endeavours to give the general reader some idea of Adler's personal characteristics and attitudes of mind.

Curiosity regarding the life-style of the masters of psycho-therapy may also whet the reader's interest in the latest work by the author of *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion*. Mr. Baudouin's new book is not offered as a systematic contribution to the science of psychology; he is here giving expression to a number of personal sentiments, particularly to the disgust aroused in an aristocratic spirit by one feature of our epoch which in his eyes seems to blot out all the rest, viz., its fatuous 'trick of glorying in the fact of its own-existence'. This is what he means by the *Myth* (or shall we say *Cult*) of *Modernity*. Many fastidious and many quite commonplace minds will readily enter into Mr. Baudouin's contempt for an age in which 'persons of distinction' are 'beginning to resent the description of modern as an insult'. It is undoubtedly, as our ancestors lamented, a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times. Unfortunately Mr. Baudouin feels obliged to elaborate. The Myth of Modernity is, we find, a transformation (or a corruption?) of the older and far more respectable Myth of Progress. This, it appears, looked forward to an ideal—of progress; the Myth of Modernity, on the contrary, looks backward (glorying) or looks forward only in the expectation of more and more modernity. The Myth of Progress flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; the Myth of Modernity belongs to our own century. It is, Mr. Baudouin maintains, peculiar to the epoch we live in.

This favourite dogma is so obviously untrue as hardly to be worth contradicting. With some surprise, however, we find the author himself presently contradicting it. 'Emma Bovary', says he, 'in her desire for the romantic, is essentially the person who wants to be what she is not, what she was never meant to be . . . in this . . . she is *modern*'. A puzzling diagnosis. Vainly one tries to tinker with the sense of *modern*: the author has frustrated the attempt beforehand, thus: 'all bygone epochs, you may say, were modern in their time. But this is not true. Our epoch has invented the trick of glorying'; and so on. The latter part of the book treats of varying aspects of Mr. Baudouin's life-style from 'Politeness' to 'Withdrawal into one's Tent' in a more or less readable way.

### The Uncurtained Throne

By Warner Allen. Faber. 12s. 6d.

In this, the last volume of the trilogy in which Mr. Warner Allen has striven to think out the meaning of what happened to him between two demi-semi-quavers in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, he has, in his own words, reversed the direction of his inquiry. Instead of moving from the inward to the outward, as hitherto, he has started from the circumference of scientific method and the physical world and worked his way through human experience to the spiritual revelation as its central and final destination. Actually, in all but the first two chapters, the reverse movement is not so pronounced as he suggests, nor is *The Uncurtained Throne*

notably different from its predecessors, for the 'temperance of language and sobriety of thought' with which it dwells on the *ordinariness* of the mystic revelation.

Mr. Allen is not a sober writer. He has the virtue and the defects of an immensely voluble enthusiasm even when he is applying his mind to 'the mathematics of chance' as revealed in Professor Rhine's exhaustive experiments with cards and dice or to the relative merits of a kaleidoscopic or cinematographic view of the Universe. Professor Rhine, as is well known, has proved to his own satisfaction the existence of faculties called extra-sensory with direct spiritual action in the physical world. Mr. Allen admits that the evidence is in itself trivial, but he regards these sparks of light in a prevailing materialistic darkness as possible harbingers of a widespread spiritual revelation. It may be that he exaggerates their importance and their impact upon scientific opinion. And certainly if his argument for the presence in the Self of 'a conscious spirit, possessed of a knowledge and power consistent with its nature as a subject which is its own object' depended on such a slender basis, it would not convince many.

But here, as in his two earlier books, he finds much surer foundations for his conviction in the mysterious depths of human consciousness, in the dual nature of experience as both intuitive and cognitive, in the activity of the creative spirit in art, in the meaning of beauty and ugliness, and in the conduct of life and its ultimate fulfilment in love. All these are themes which he has developed before, but although there is some repetition and although he is led at times, in his struggle to explain and elucidate reality, into what he himself calls a 'hotch-potch' of words, this volume completes impressively a remarkable undertaking. The timeless moment from which it sprang created a ferment in his mind which in the twenty years that have followed he has never subdued to a serenely luminous insight. But he has accepted the creative tension of life, the truth that 'the infinite and the finite are linked and adapted the one to the other'. And he has expressed in all his writing 'the confident expectation and fearless resolution of those who are on God's side in the Great Adventure'.

The London Anthology. By Hugh and Pauline Massingham.

Phoenix House. 21s.

The Pleasures of Poverty

By Anthony Bertram.

Hollis and Carter. 15s.

It is perhaps fanciful to bracket these two books within a single review, for the first is a lavish *olla podrida*, of reading matter and pictures, while the second is a closely articulated sequence of poems and prose extracts, cemented by commentaries, the whole forming a survey of the various aspects of poverty, from involuntary destitution to that rarest of human conditions, a willing and even eager renunciation of all creature comforts and material certainties.

But London, the most enigmatic of cities, can offer examples of every kind of poverty presented so skilfully by Mr. Bertram. Some people would even argue that to live in London at all is to be poor, though you may possess a house in Mayfair. There will never be agreement about the conditions which may be called those of poverty. We see that in the political excitement of these days, with the many degrading the few, or democracy assured of an economic plimsoll line. Call it what you will, the definition of poverty must waver according to the conditions and traditions from which the individual emerges. The poor duke is different in his assessing from

the rich artisan or labourer: the glutton from the ascetic. For one man caviare is a stark necessity; for another two ounces of butter with his dole of margarine is a luxury.

Why is this? Both anthologies set out to explain. Mr. and Mrs. Massingham do it by a massive advance upon social circumstances, with 200,000 words of text covering 700 extracts, the authors ranging from Pepys to Beerbohm and Osbert Sitwell; the illustrations from Hogarth and Doré to Beerbohm again. The result is a book that will lie about the house for several years, to be picked up from time to time, and offering always something odd, arresting, illustrative of the teeming vitality, the contrasts, the enigmas which make up the kaleidoscope of the greatest city in the world. Here is one dip: an extract from George Eliot's diary:

June 2. 1852. On Thursday morning I went to St. Paul's to see the Charity children assembled and hear their singing. Berlioz says it is the finest thing he has heard in England: and this opinion of his induced me to go. I was not disappointed—it is worth doing once, especially as we got out before the sermon.

Mr. Bertram's anthology is also of lasting value, especially to the old and the ageing; for this is the time of life when we tend to over-estimate creature comfort, betrayed by our thinning blood and tiring nerves. To be young and rich is to be coddled: to be old and rich is to be reasonably secure. The obverse can be expressed according to our philosophy and the vigour of our vital spark. Whatever that evaluation, it will be given a direction from this book, which tends more and more toward a warning, the last entry being these words:

Take heed lest, when the dung of poverty has been laid about your roots, you should after all be found barren, for then there will remain nothing but the axe.

Out of My Later Years. By Albert Einstein. Thames and Hudson. 15s.

Every sentence written by men of supreme genius should be treasured, because lesser men are not qualified to decide what should, or should not, be preserved. We have witnessed the tragedy of Isaac Newton's papers, which after two hundred years still remain unpublished, and in large part have been dispersed and lost.

This present collection of Einstein's occasional writings ensures that they will not be lost. It contains brief notes and articles on Convictions and Beliefs, problems of Science, Public Affairs, Science and Life, Personalities, and on My People—the Jews. There are fifty-nine topics, and on all these he writes with the sensitive clarity and complete frankness which have always distinguished him.

His personal observations on great colleagues are perhaps the most interesting items in this volume. Those on Paul Langevin are especially profound: 'The sorrow brought on by his passing has been so particularly poignant because it has given me a feeling of being left utterly alone and desolate. There are so very few in any one generation, in whom clear insight into the nature of things is joined with an intense feeling for the challenge of true humanity and the capacity for militant action. When such a man departs, he leaves a gap that seems unbearable to his survivors'.

This is the final, perfect description of the very essence of Langevin. It was not written by a Frenchman, but by a scientist reared in the German tradition, which almost automatically cuts off any fundamental understanding of the French. A chasm separates the feeling of German and of French science. But Einstein abolished it as summarily as he dismissed the ether.

One is grateful for this collection of beautiful thoughts, even if it does not constitute one of Einstein's major works.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

## TELEVISION

### Entertainment and Instruction

THERE ARE VIEWERS who would agree with the contention that sport and the ballet inspire some of the best results obtainable from present-day television. For the ballet the argument was admirably supported last week by 'Ballet Workshop' in the 'Ballet for Beginners' series, just wound up. This was an instructional programme which of its nature was also entertaining, not infallibly a condition of good instruction. A run-through the previous programmes in the series was followed by an elementary but entirely informative analysis of a ballet production, emphasising the arduousness of the dancers' training and the toughness of the traditions behind it. Felicity Gray's definitions, with the cut-in illustrated talks by a decor designer, a composer of ballet music, and a wardrobe mistress, were components of a programme which must have pleased a large company of viewers. The demonstration of the language of mime was delightful and made the parts of speech seem as superfluous as tonsils. There was a refreshing air of competence about it all, as if, before the programme was attempted, it had been well and truly visualised. A once-familiar advertising slogan, 'Every picture tells a story', should be taken to heart by more television producers.

In the fortnight's viewing sport also yielded its solid satisfactions, to which the badminton championship matches at the Empress Hall probably contributed least. They had their moments, but the camera

never fully came to grips with the game and too often failed to make us partners in the appreciation being manifested by the spectators on the spot. In that sense, and no doubt intrinsically, the Rugby football match between the Royal Navy and the Army at Twickenham was more rewarding to the viewer. Here television thoroughly mastered its opportunities.

For many of us the sporting highlight was the international ice hockey match in which we saw Canada defeat Harringay. Maple Leafs 5, Racers 3, was the score as we joined the watching throng at Harringay Arena. Television took us at once into the heart of the game, tracking the puck



Learning to play: still from the Swiss film 'Call of Music', televised on February 28



'London Town': street traders from Petticoat Lane taking part in a reconstruction of 'The Lane' in the television programme of March 2



Sir Leigh Ashton, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, showing viewers the bust of Voltaire by Jean Antoine Houdon in the programme 'Down the Centuries'

into a viewing crescendo that made the £2 licence fee seem an altruism of authority. Canada went on to score more goals, the home side no more, but never for a moment was there any slump of pleasure in the spectacle. Such effortless excellence promises well for this year of festival, in which, one hears, television is to be given assignments calling upon all its resources of enterprise and élan.

Neither of those qualities distinguished the programme called 'Shedding the Load'. The producer's business here was to labour the obvious and not be dull in the doing thereof, to tell electricity customers that their kettles go simultaneously off the boil because demand has outrun supply and power cuts are made imperative. To bring this simple truth home to us, the consumers, an extra-

ordinary lushness of detail was evoked. British Electricity Authority masters and men were interviewed standing up and sitting down. We were conducted into the black-shadowed sanctities of one of the big power stations where steam never escapes: 'we allow it to be emitted', an engineer once said, correcting a B.B.C. reporter. We saw generators, dynamos, turbines, all the panoply of means by which the mysterious elemental force is subdued and organised into the service of an ignorant community. Some of us are not so ignorant now, but in this instance the price of knowledge was fairly high in patience and goodwill. The educational process was heavy-handed, lacking the imaginative touch needed to grapple our attention loyally to this national theme. The mission of 'Shedding the Load' could have been as effectively accomplished by sound only.

The antiquarian series called 'Down the Centuries', moving gracefully through various ages of taste and fashion, possibly tries to do too much in the time and space at its disposal, with

with so keen a precision, so cheeky a persistence, that we could have believed that the cameras, too, were on skates. It was superb viewing stuff, tense with emergency and sometimes with drama, as when a goalkeeper evidently found it the frustration of a lifetime to accept a referee's verdict. The glare of the lights, the sheen of the rink, the close-ups of gladiators banished to the 'sin-box', the roar of the crowd, the elegant pattern-weaving of the players, the fervour of the commentator, Patrick Burns — these merged



the result that it leaves us somehow unsatisfied. Some may think it does too little. The Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington is the venue. Sir Leigh Ashton, the director there, is our guide. This, then, ought to be one of television's tip-top instructional programmes. It very nearly is, only the guide seems to have decided that we are not really interested in the treasures he has to show us, too seldom drawing on his connoisseurship and on those gifts of expression so engaging to those who have opportunities of enjoying his company in private. Sir Leigh should take charge of the programme. Up till now it has taken charge of him.

There was a short film deserving mention, a Crown Unit production called 'Explorers of the Depths' which took us on a trip in a trawler fitted out to study life on or near the floor of the North Sea. The film records the ingenious and surprising efforts now being made to solve the mystery of fish supply changes and shortages. Not an entrancing subject, you may think if you missed it. Speaking for oneself and remembering the very good photography, one is glad not to have missed it.

REGINALD POUND

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Mrs. Dane Makes Good

'ARE WE NOT all humbugs—one code on our lips, another in our hearts?' It is Lady Eastney pleading for lenience for Mrs. Dane, the fallen creature who had tried and failed to make the grade socially in Sunningdale in Henry Arthur Jones' famous fifty-year-old drama. That wit, Miss Rose Macaulay, has laid it down that plays about women with pasts are bores. I cannot agree. What about 'Rosmersholm'? And the whole progeny of Mlle. Gauthier and her camellias—Mrs. Tanqueray, Mrs. Ebbsmith, and Mrs. Dane? I agree, of course, that a shift in taboos has taken the topical sting out of the latter lady's dilemma. Now, if we are to believe Cole Porter's 'Anything Goes', on meeting at some soiree a lady of supposedly tarnished reputation we no longer cry 'Send for my carriage. I am leaving this instant'; and not merely because we no longer have a carriage nor anyone to send for it! But I fear we are less tolerant than we like to think; taboos merely shift. Nowadays one would have to think that Mrs. Dane had been a fellow traveller or a fascist or one who had mocked abstract art, in order to get the perspective right. I am not saying we have improved, please note. Fifty years of Mrs. Dane defending herself and what have we? Why, Mrs. Dale!

If I were an actress as good as Fay Compton (who played the part without putting a foot wrong and if not with the perfection of radiogenic spontaneity at least with perfection of technique) I would clamour ceaselessly to have the play revived for me. What a part! Henry Arthur Jones almost chokes the cat with cream. When the disgraced woman has been unmasked and knows that 'his' parents will never consent to her marriage with their beautiful boy, the virtuous couple try in all charity to soften the blow. 'Let me see you home, Mrs. Dane', and she who, we perceive between sobs, has never known a home and now will never have one, answers 'No thank you; I will find [pause] my own way'. Is that the end? Not a bit of it! Milking the situation for the last drop, the wily dramatist doubles back at this point and manages yet another grand exit line. 'Goodbye. Tomorrow . . . [here her voice sounds a new and lovely note] . . . I shall see my son'. Anyone not crying by now is obviously a cad, sir.

Besides Fay Compton, who was a special pleasure, the support was excellent in this Hugh Stewart production; such people as Kynaston

Reeves and Barbara Couper. I wish I could say I admired the acting in the other interesting piece of news-from-the-past, Sudermann's 'Midsummer Fire'. I hesitate to apportion blame for what sounds like bad acting in radio drama. In a theatre one can tell. But radio criticism is a blindfold job. For all one knows a whole crop of wretched circumstances of which the listener is ignorant may be wrecking what would otherwise be—and at dress rehearsal was—a first-rate performance. But I suspect in this instance some failure to get the hang of the piece. I think all the same they should try some more Sudermann. It is absurd that the younger generation of players should hardly know his name.

One or two other points: *Persuasion* is going rather well, though hypersensitive Janeites are warned off, on the whole. The revival of 'Le Roi Pêcheur', which I missed when first done, as I was abroad, seemed to me well worth while. It contains several first-rate performances. And one apology; last week, I saddled James McKechnie with admiration which should have gone to Anthony Jacobs. I constantly make mistakes of this kind in radio dramatic criticism (though seldom in the real theatre). I can only suppose it is sort of professional deformation. It is dreadful for the victims, but I can hope in mitigation that it gives some pleasure to the vast section of the population which lies waiting happily to hear the B.B.C. make a mistake.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Sicut Canis . . .

IF I ONCE MORE cast a somewhat bilious eye on 'Poetic Licence' I hope it will not begin to seem that as soon as the B.B.C. issues another licence I make a point of endorsing it. On the contrary, it is because these programmes always set me ruminating on the problem of the relation between performers and listener that I criticise them so persistently, and also because I continue to hope that one of these days I shall be able to burst into loud applause. But to hope is not quite the same thing as to be hopeful, and I am not very hopeful that they will produce a success if a new formula is not found for them, because the fault lies, it seems to me, not at all with the performers but with the plan, or rather the absence of plan.

But, I may be reminded, the very essence of conversation is that it is unplanned: a planned conversation is not in the true sense a conversation, but a discussion. I agree, and the reminder lays a finger on what is wrong with 'Poetic Licence' in its present form, for real conversation is a happy accident. To start it, nobody blows a whistle, fires a pistol, or utters the word 'Go!' It simply happens, when two or three are gathered together, of its own accord. It is a shy and elusive thing and only too likely to be frozen stiff by a deliberate attempt to start it, and what could be more deliberate, and more fatal, than to invite a poet to hale three friends before that 'devilish iron engine', the microphone, and draw them into lively spontaneous conversation?

Is there any wonder that the consequent talk shows every symptom of incipient 'flu—the alternating fever and chills, the spasmodic and inconclusive gropings of the distempered brain? Conversation requires a free fancy and an unpreoccupied mind: the knowledge that a Recording Devil is remorselessly swallowing not only your rare felicities but your frequent hesitations and incoherences must be a crippling handicap on alertness and self-confidence. Milton himself in such circumstances would be almost mute and wholly inglorious. Surely a pre-arranged theme or series of connected themes would give each member of the party

an opportunity to clarify his ideas beforehand and so do himself justice. As it is, the talk never rises into conversation; it begins and ends in chat—and chat, even at its best, although extremely enjoyable for those taking part, is seldom, if ever, worth listening to. The listener, in his sober isolation, is unavoidably in too cold and critical a mood to respond. And yet, given a chance, given something which draws him out of his passivity and invites him to co-operate, how quickly the chilly creature warms up.

'Town Forum', for instance, which visited Düsseldorf last week, instantly transformed the listener from audience into co-operator. These programmes go with a swing, and the critic, busily engaged in agreeing or disagreeing, picking up information and, still better, answering questions before the pundits can get a word in, is left at the end with the feeling that a good time has been had by all, including himself. One of the chief reasons for this effect is that the performers here are provided with a series of clear-cut jobs. They are called upon not simply to talk, but to talk on specific themes. While listening to 'Poetic Licence', on the other hand, I have been uncomfortably aware that the performers are not having a good so much as an anxious time. They are trying gallantly to make bricks without straw and I find myself for most of the time in a state of sympathetic anxiety. The only way, it seems to me, to ensure the success of this programme in its present form would be to engage a team of poets who are also expert chatterboxes or, if a more serious half-hour is desired, accomplished debaters.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### Three B's

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM returned last week to the Albert Hall and to the 'air' to conduct the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra after their tour in America. If they played as well on the other side of the Atlantic as they did the other night, there is no need to question the stories of their triumphant progress through the States. It was not, on the face of it, a programme to demand special attention—two chestnuts and a couple of those pieces of electro-plate which Beecham loves to take up and turn into the semblance of hall-marked silver by sheer spit-and-polish. He certainly managed to make one forget, while one listened, what a trumpety figure Franck's bold, bad hunting baron really is.

The same affection, care and technical skill lavished upon music that is first-rate has the effect of re-creating it, so that it appears mint-new, and the listener has the revelation of a fresh experience. This happened in Brahms' Haydn Variations, of which Beecham secured a most lovely and fine-pointed performance that quite obliterated the memory of a rather wilful and petulant reading at Edinburgh last year. Still more did it happen to Tchaikovsky's symphonic masterpiece, the Symphony in B minor, that pathetic victim of so many insensitive or oversensitive, or merely attitudinising conductors. Beecham, going all out for Tchaikovsky's lyricism, and toning down by careful balancing of the orchestral texture those passages which too often sound blatantly vulgar, falsified Bernard Shaw's verdict of long ago, delivered after the first performance in London, that the symphony is no more than 'a veritable Castle of Otranto with no real depth of mood anywhere in it'. This performance was dramatic without being sensational, and tragic without the usual mawkish self-pity. Even that passage in the first movement where, as one critic has put it, over the long pedal-point leading to the return of first subject the trombones drop their glutinous



tears at stated intervals, this unpleasant effect was avoided. It was, in fine, a musical performance and rehabilitated for the benefit of our most august musical institution what I have deliberately called a masterpiece.

On Friday Sir John Barbirolli brought the Hallé Orchestra to the microphone with a programme which, as printed, was an admirable example of good planning. It was to be all French, excepting a Rossini Overture, which is anyhow so Latin as to be almost Gallic as well. But for some reason Roussel's Symphony was taken out, and Strauss' 'Rosenkavalier' Suite put in its place. Moreover the little novelty, Durufle's 'Tambourin', was moved from its position in the first part, where it would have made a good foil to Fauré's delicate and beau-

tifully played 'Pavane', and put in splendid isolation at the beginning of the second part, a place it was unfitted to fill adequately. So was good planning undone by improvisation. There remained Miss Ferrier's performance of Chausson's 'Poème de l'amour et de la mer'. Miss Ferrier's lovely voice is always a pleasure to hear, but this performance showed that the French lyric style is not as yet within her scope.

On two evenings the B.B.C. Orchestra was heard under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult, who balanced one dull programme against one that was both interesting and well-arranged. Neither the 'Dedication of the House' Overture nor the Triple Concerto can be reckoned among Beethoven's major masterpieces, and the concerto needs stronger soloists if it is to commend

itself as one of the master's minor ones. Sir Adrian began it so well that I hoped for a fresh experience, which was to be had later from Bach's Suite in B minor. On Saturday the conductor gave one of his virtuoso performances in the 'Firebird' Suite, except that the devil-dance sounded a bit lumpy, accompanied Louis Kentner beautifully in Bartók's Third Concerto, and ended with his favourite Brahms No. 4.

Among other things to be commended were Thurston Dart's programme of music by the distant Francesco Landini, who is consequently no longer dim, excellently sung by Messrs. Deller and Soames; and Alec Robertson's tribute to that great broadcaster, Walford Davies, on the tenth anniversary of his death.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## 'A Child of Our Time'

By JOHN AMIS

Michael Tippett's oratorio will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Wednesday, March 21 (Third)

**W**HEN 'A Child of Our Time' was first performed in London towards the end of the war (March 1944), it created a sensation. This oratorio was made more topical even than Menotti's recent musical drama 'The Consul'. But the two subjects are somewhat similar: an oppressed individual in conflict with authority. In both cases frustration leads to violence. Menotti's approach is detailed and theatrical, ending in tragedy. Tippett's is no less tragic, but he generalises, draws the morals and, finally, attempts to console. Tippett underplays the details of the story at the expense of its general significance, even to the extent of masking the crucial words 'he shoots the official' by the contralto's comment 'His other self arises in him, demonic and destructive'.

As nearly always when a non-abstract work of a controversial nature appears, the 'Child' was subject to a good deal of criticism that now seems to have lost some of its force; criticisms of the use of Negro spirituals, of the libretto and its sentiment, of the scrappiness caused by the shortness of so many numbers in such a short time (thirty in 75 minutes) and of the occasional misjudgments of orchestral balance.

There is no doubt in my mind that Tippett the librettist served Tippett the composer as no other librettist could have done. There are certain things in it that may seem perhaps inept, too aphoristic or over 'psychological' (a member of Morley College Choir once suggested as a subtitle for the oratorio 'The Jung Idea'), but they 'belong' to the work. Discussion of the libretto properly belongs to the politico-literary psychoanalyst; here I propose instead to examine some aspects of the work which, directly or indirectly, bear on the criticisms mentioned above.

Peculiar to this century is the general availability of music of the preceding four or five centuries. There are some composers today who show awareness of the history of music in their composition and Tippett is one of these. He shows an intense awareness of musical tradition, an awareness revealed by 'A Child of Our Time' more than by any other work of his. He has said that the tripartite design of his oratorio is consciously taken from 'Messiah'. Examination of the individual numbers, however, shows more affinity with the methods of the Bach Passions. Like Bach, Tippett lays out a scheme of narrative recitative, arias and dramatic choruses. As in the Matthew Passion, the soloists sometimes tell the story and sometimes comment on it: the chorus, too, is sometimes an onlooker, sometimes a passionate protagonist in the drama.

Each of the three parts begins with a chorus possessing the quality sometimes described as 'cosmic emotion'. The opening chorus of Part One states: 'The world turns on its dark side. It is winter'. The chorus repeats the first phrase. Each time each voice, bass, tenor, alto, soprano, enters separately, so that what you hear is 'The world the world the world the world turns turns turns turns on its dark side'. There is a crescendo working up to a convulsive heave on the phrase, emphasised because all four voices sing together, 'on its dark side'. Already can be seen the dramatic sense and colouring of words typical of Tippett. He uses this technique again and again in the oratorio, sometimes emphasising the culminating phrase with tremendous unisons. The only exception to the general coldness and remoteness of the three opening choruses is the warmth when the chorus arrives at the phrase 'The child of our time'. In the chorus beginning part three there are two strange *a cappella* passages at the words 'Where lies the jewel of great price'. Each consists of three bars of syncopated counterpoint entering in canon first upright, then upside down. On paper it looks like musical mathematics; it sounds like magic.

The formal element is nearly always present in this oratorio, but often disguised. The strict canon between the first and second violins, high up in the ledger lines, at the beginning of 'The Boy sings in his Prison' is unforgettable, not as a canon, but as descriptive music. The 'chorus of the Oppressed' sounds anything but fugal for its chromatic subject sounds as if it might have strayed from 'The Golden Cockerel'. The dramatic technique of the opening number is repeated: the fugue unwinds itself as the various voices sing 'When shall the usurer's city cease' one by one, then combine for the latter part of the sentence 'And famine depart from the fruitful land'.

In place of Bach chorales Tippett sought for a modern parallel. He found it in Negro spirituals, using those which approximated in sentiment most nearly to his dramatic situations. Many critics were shocked by the very idea and others felt that the contrast between Tippett and the spirituals was uneven. Personally I find that both melodically and harmonically the composer prepares the way for the spirituals—especially for the first one 'Steal away', by means of the two preceding numbers, soli for the tenor and soprano. The tenor solo 'I have no money for my bread' is a tango ('after', a long way after, the 'Dreigroschenoper') framed by a string prelude and postlude in a syncopated rhythm of a

different kind. The soprano solo is full (so, indeed, is the entire work) of the major-minor clashes to be heard in many Negro 'hot' spirituals. The solo soprano glides into the spiritual which is not a contrast to the solo but rather its logical resolution. The choral writing in the spirituals is deliberately modelled on the arrangements used by the famous Hall Johnson Choir, a coloured choir that provided the music for the film 'The Green Pastures'. The composer asks in a note in the vocal score that the spirituals should 'not be sentimentalised, but sung with a strong underlying pulse and slightly "swung"'.

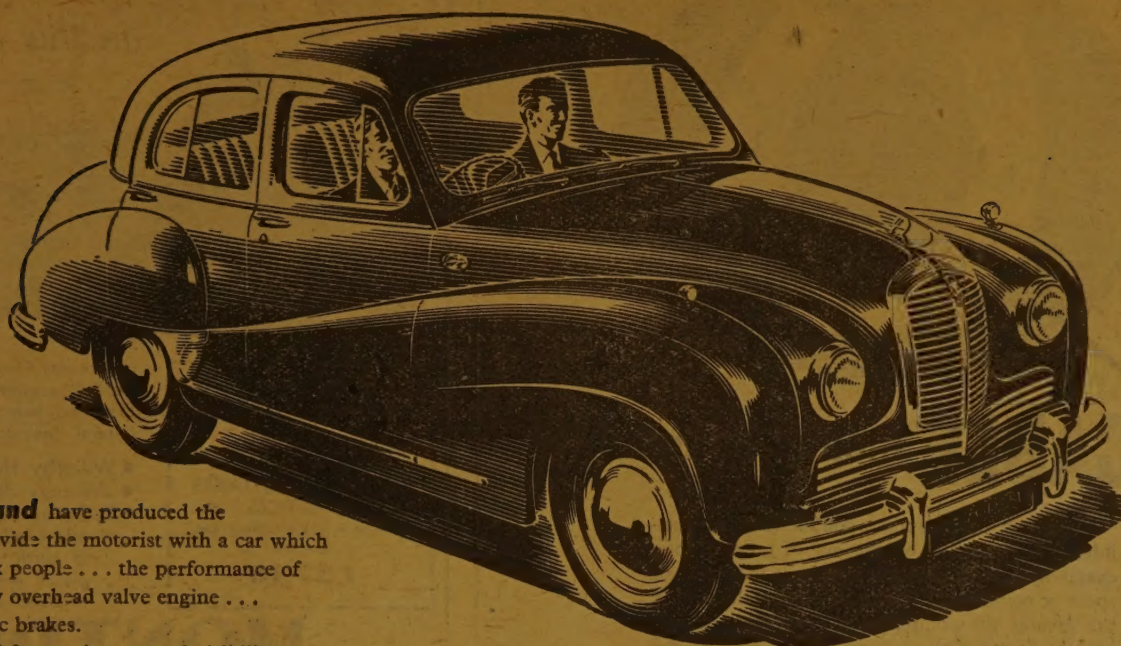
The first solo for the contralto, 'The argument', brings out a characteristic trait; the coloration of the word 'measured' by extending it to four bars with a strong beat on the first and fourth bars and syncopation in between. Similar examples occur in the tenor aria 'The Boy sings in his Prison' on the words 'ghastly', 'wild', and 'prison'. This coloration of words is obviously derived from the supreme example of Purcell. In the same alto solo the sinister colouring of the word 'cancer' is unforgettable.

Two of the arias (soprano 'What have I done to you, my son?' and alto 'The soul of man is impassioned') are remarkable in that the accompaniment is a pattern of rhythms, as though in a dance, set against the line of the singer. The orchestration here is translucent. Throughout the work there is practically no mixing of the orchestral colours, and each number has its individual scoring retained throughout unaltered. Tippett calls some numbers scenes and lays them out in almost operatic style, not only between the soloists but also between soloist and chorus.

The texture of the oratorio is completely without padding and predominantly contrapuntal, but the counterpoint nearly always produces warm and interesting harmony. The chief difficulty of Tippett's music in performance is his use of rhythm—especially of polyrhythms. His rhythm is always alive, sometimes using overmuch nervous energy in its anxiety to keep on the move. It raises the old problem of the final dance of the 'Rite of Spring': whether to write the music down so that the accent falls on the first beat of the bar, in which case it is hard to read and conduct because of the bars of different length; or whether to write the music so that the bars are tailored in a conveniently consistent series of equal bars. In the latter case the conductor has the almost impossible task of persuading players and singers not to put accents on the first beat of the bar.



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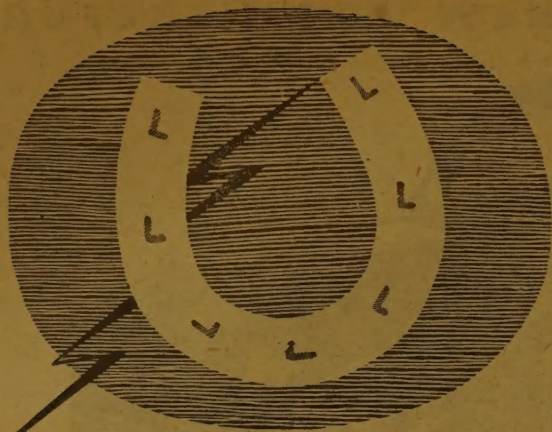


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- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of prepared apples
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons of syrup
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flour
- 1 teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of mixed spice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of margarine
- 3 oz. of sugar
- 1 egg (fresh or reconstituted)

Peel the apples and chop them coarsely until you have  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.: put into a saucepan with the syrup and boil until tender.

Sieve the flour, bicarbonate of soda and mixed spice into a bowl and rub in the fat. Add the sugar and the egg and lastly the apple mixture, which will still be warm. Put into your cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

MRS REITH ORAM

### CARE OF BEDS AND BEDDING

I can think of nothing more annoying than a bed which squeaks every time you turn over, and yet it is quite a simple job to stop it. The offender is generally a coiled spring mattress. If you look along the base of the springs you will see that they are fixed to the bars by little metal clips. It is the stretching of these clips by the movement of the springs that causes them to grate on the bars and set up a squeak. All you need to do is to hammer the clip down so that the spring is firmly held. To make a better job of it force a piece of hat felt between the bars and the springs, afterwards closing the clip by hammering it down as tight as possible.

I want to ask all who have the care of babies not to use feather or down pillows in the cot or

perambulator. Every year a number of babies are suffocated, as they are apt to turn over and bury their faces in the pillow: feathers are not porous and so you cannot breathe through them. My advice is, always use horsehair. You can buy these pillows in all sizes in the utility range. I would also advise you to have only hair mattresses for the cot and pram. These retain their resiliency and are more hygienic than any of the wool or flock types. They don't go hard and lumpy and if they should get damp they can be dried quickly as the hair is non-absorbent. They are also much cooler in summer and warmer in winter. They may cost a little more in the first place but they are cheaper in the long run.

If pillow-ticks are soiled you need not be frightened to wash the tick provided it is of good quality (taking the feathers out first, of course). You can reproof it satisfactorily after it is dry by rubbing the inside of the tick with beeswax until you have a fine yellow film all over. If the cover needs a small patch, this can be done at the same time, but the patch must be waxed as well.

If you have a wool or flock mattress which has stretched and become hard and lumpy, you can have it remade in the same cover at much less than half the cost of a new one. If it needs a new cover, it is as well to have a better quality cover for the little extra money and also have some horsehair mixed with the existing filling. The mattress will then last longer and be much more comfortable. A hair mattress can be remade as well, but the cover cannot be cleaned, as this destroys its hair-retaining properties. Should you need a new cover and your mattress is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick at the edge or border, it is worth while having it made 5 inches thick. You will be surprised how much more comfortable the extra hair makes it. Also, if the mattress is a 3-foot size or larger, get your mattress-maker to tuft

or button it in the style known as 8 x 4 (biscuit). This holds the hair filling in place much better than any other method I know. Have leather tufts, as these prevent the hair creeping through the twine holes underneath the tufts and keeping you awake.

All the jobs I have mentioned can be done by a mattress-maker: or your nearest upholsterer or general house furnisher can do them.

F. E. BARNARD

The vines recommended for wine making in England by Edward Hyams in 'Home-Grown' on March 11 were Gamay Hâtif des Vosges and Madeleine Royale.

### Some of Our Contributors

DUDLEY SEERS (page 406): Lecturer in Economic Statistics, Oxford University; author of *Changes in the Cost of Living and the Distribution of Income since 1938*

RICHARD TITMUSS (page 411): Professor of Social Science and Administration, London School of Economics; author of *Problems of Social Policy* (in the 'History of the Second World War' series), *Birth, Poverty and Wealth—a Study of Infant Mortality, Parents Revolt* (with K. C. Titmuss), etc.

IAN HENDERSON (page 415): Professor of Systematic Theology, Glasgow University; author of *Can Two Walk Together?*

G. H. BANTOCK (page 418): Lecturer in Education, University College, Leicester

HENRY GREEN (page 425): novelist; author of *Party Going, Pack My Bag, Caught, Loving Back, Concluding and Nothing*, etc.

FRANCIS WATSON, O.B.E. (page 428): Director of the Visual Arts Department, British Council, 1947-49; author of *Art Lies Bleeding*, etc.

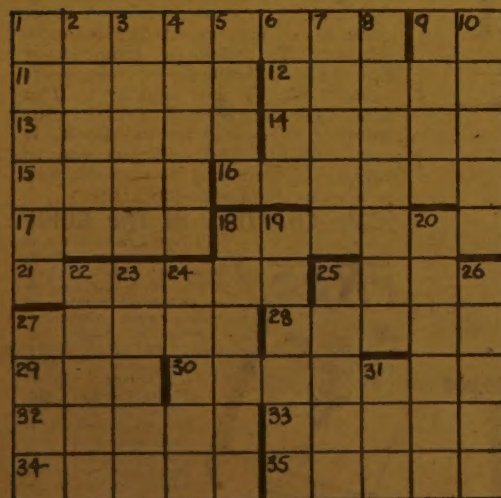
### Crossword No. 1,089.

### SSTRS(IE).

### By Babs

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, March 22



Solvers who do not remember BRTHRS (OE), No. 994, should note that only the consonants of the answers are to be inserted in the diagram. The vowels are generously provided, in correct order.

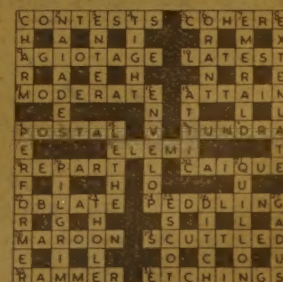
Esmeralda, Susan and Cecily were three Edwardian beauties. 9A (e i e), the eldest, was a 1A (u e o i) with biological interests. Not for her the punts of 9A (i i). Armed with her 1D (a a a u e a e), she went to America to explode the 16A (i e u a i i y) of the grasshopper, and wrote her famous book 'No limits to what 6D (a y i) at school'. But her scientific career was interrupted by a dyspeptic 5D (a a i) of 28A (i u y), who had been a 3D (a a i a) immigrant. 'Poles apart!' one would have thought. But he crashed into her life like a 25D (i e o i e), flourished a wad of 8D (e e a), and carried her, first to the altar, then to 29A (a i i i). There she spent the rest of her life nursing him, listening to his 9A (o u a) records, and 4D (u i) out an occasional essay on the 7D (a a o i a) peculiarities of Pacific 27D (e).

The second sister, 9A (u i e), was arty and original, and was looked at 25A (a a e) for her unorthodoxies. Her taste was avid, not expert, and she was apt to mistake the 11A (i u) of sparrows for the 32A (o e o e) of the nightingale. 35A (a e) and betrousered, she roamed the world from Paris to Peru, from the 2D (a a a) to the 26D (a o o i), sending an occasional 9A (o) from some distant 9A (o a i) of art, so that the Royal Navy, stirred to action by the 14A (a a e) iteration of some indignant 18A (u i i), had to scour the seven 9A (e a) to rescue her. She survived a 10D (i e o) thrust from a 30A (u e i e) in Naples, but even so was the first of the sisters to pass the 21A (u i e) of death. She succumbed to an attack with a 19D (u i) instrument from a drunken 23D (i e e e) near Mount 9A (o a), who took her 15A (i a i o) to the gods as an affront to his wine.

Cecily, the youngest (9A (i) to everybody) crept like 31D (a i) unwillingly to school, and so escaped the 24D (i a a) attached to science and art. She managed to 12A (a a) a 5D (a a i) of 27A (i a y), a bit of an 9A (a), but distinguished for his 18D (a i o i) and good breeding. With him the knot was tied, a 22D (e e o) that was to hold for over sixty years. 17A (e a i) thirteen children, she declined slowly from 9D (o i a e) to 20D (e i o u), from 20D (e i o u) to 31D (e i e), and finally shipped 33A (i e y) away one 34A (e a e i e). It was a matter for 18A (o e) that this was the first time she had missed the Parade.

### Solution of No. 1,087

Prizewinners: Mrs. V. Cooper (Sidcup); R. W. Killick (London, S.W. 14); J. I. Mason (Thornton Heath); A. C. Ruffhead (Rickmansworth); D. J. Wade (London, E.11.)



### NOTES

ESTER for 3D and LATENT for 10A are allowable alternative words.

Across: 5. THERE(fore). 9. PILOTAGE. 10. LATE-X. 11. MODERATOR. 13. INFORMER. 14. DITAL\*. 16. UNDRAPED. 17. ELEMENT(ary). 18. CORE. 20. OBLIQUE. 22. ESTATE†. 24. IDLING. 28. GADROON (dragon\*). 29. POSTED. 30. RAMPART.

Down: 1. MAGIC(e). 2. CHARADES\*. 3. S-CUTTLE-R. 4. EIGHT (twice). 6. NAIANT. 7. HERALD†. 8. ATTENUATE. 13. EMETIC. 14. CAPER. 15. QUILLET. 19. G-RIM-E. 21. MERLON†. 23. LET (3 meanings). 25. M-ASCOT. 26. CHAT-NA. 27. THOUS\*.

\* Anag. † Hidden.

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